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TO THE

READER.

THE *Publick is here presented with a considerable Number of Poetical Pieces, impartially collected to satisfy the Inclination of the most Zealous of both Parties, and the Curiosity of the more Indifferent. Here are many Things, which have been handed about privately in Manuscript, some few have appear'd more openly in* Print, *and others were never before divulg'd. It is not to be question'd, but that many Readers may have seen some of them; yet every one will find something new to please him, and most Men never yet read any of them.* Whigs *and* Tories *may chuse as they like, and reject what they disapprove. Each Side will meet with what is for their*

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Turn; and if Prejudice do not altogether ſway, the Ingenious will not fail of ſome Satisfaction in the Wit, even of an Adverſary. As the Deſign is not to offend either Side, ſo it has been alſo endeavour'd to ſuit every Temper and Capacity; here are ſome Things ſolid, others burleſque; ſome more lofty, others in an humbler Strein; yet ſo, as it is hop'd none will be thought wholly unworthy of being preſerv'd. They are now in their Prime, when every Perſon may underſtand what is allegorical; and, perhaps, in Time to come they may merit a Key, for Poſterity to judge of the Humour of this Age.

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A

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OF

POEMS.

Said to be found upon a Great Lady's Toylet.

O *A—a!* ſee, the Prelude is begun,
Again they play the Game of Forty One,
And he's the Traytor that defends the Throne.
Thus *Laud*, and thus the *Royal Martyr* dy'd,
Impeach'd by *Clamour*, and by Traytors try'd.
Ho——ly's cry'd up, that does thy Rights oppoſe,
Becauſe he crowns the *Mob*, and *arms* thy Foes.
Stop the portentous Omen, ere it be too late;
View thy whole Friends in poor *Sacheverell's* Fate.
Stated Experience now bids all be wiſe,
Let one Rebellion in an Age ſuffice;
At him they ſtrike, but *regal Right's* their Prize.

Said to be dropt in the Houſe of C———s.

HOW? At the other B——r to try a Prieſt!
What, is your own Authority a Jeſt?

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Try him your ſelves, like th' Rump, without more (Words;
They that can make their K—s, can make their (Lords.

Saliſbury-*Steeple revers'd:*

O R,

The turn-ſpit B———ps.

WHEN the twenty brave Pleaders, call'd out of (the Throng,
For good Manners, quick Thought, and voluble (Tongue,
Had read all their Speeches, and rehears'd all their Wit,
And left their good Lordſhips in Judgment to ſit,
A Prelate *Adroit*, at Text or Debate,
Sent to eight truſty Brethren in Council to meet;
They whip on their Cloaks, and to *Hockley* they go,
To know what his *Kirkſhip* had for 'em to do.
When they came, all the Servants were order'd (away,
And they drank to *Low-Church* in two Gallons of *Tea*,
T' inſpire 'em with Zeal 'gainſt *High-Church* and (its Sway.
Quoth he, I've long wiſh'd to ſee you all here,
For Matters of *Moment* require our great Care.
The Godly Lay five, who all Matters contrive,
That the Proteſtant Church may ſtill flouriſh and (thrive,
By me their ſure *Nuncio* do ſend you this Greeting,
And pray me to tell you how to vote the next Meet- (ing.

Our

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Our Friends have now *roaſted* this Prieſt and his (Cauſe,
In ſpight of his Homilies, Scripture, and Laws,
And we muſt not ſit *paſſively* ſucking our Paws.
Walp—le was warm, and as fit at that Seaſon,
Supply'd with hard Words, the *Abſence* of Reaſon.
Lech——ore ſhew'd Art, was as bold as a Lyon,
And i' th' *good old Cauſe* excell'd *Pim*, *Prinn*, and (*Tryon*,
Or the choiceſt of Saints in the bleſs'd Year *Forty* (*One*.
Gentle *Dol—n* a Son of a Prelate, with Grace,
As if got by a Whig of Republican Race,
Aſſerted that Cauſe without a Bluſh in his Face;
For which we owe Thanks, and a laſting Renown,
Being all o' th' ſame Stamp obſcur'd by a *Gown*.
St——ope ſoft as a Dove, fam'd for *Arms*, more for (*Love*,
With the greateſt good Manners the *Ladies* did move;
But was ill requited: That Sex near and far,
Call'd him inſolent, rude, and hiſs'd him from th' (Bar.
What Spirit, briſk Air, and Rhet'rick divine,
In lofty Sir *Ja—es* and his Harrangue did ſhine?
But oh! ſuch rare Eloquence, profound Wit and Parts,
Politick Learning, with the Cream of all Arts,
Appear'd in Lord *Wil—m* 'gainſt *Sacheverell*,
As no *Cherub* can reach, nor *Angel* excel.
Let us then, my good Lords, to each other be true,
And ſhew in Church-Matters what *B——ps* can do,
I'll tell what by me and great *Wil——m* was done,
And prove him a Traytor that calls Folks *Vulpone*.
I'll tell 'em a Tale, that to hit 'em won't fail,
Of a Dame made a *Victim* to high-flying Zeal,
And move Fleſh and Blood to ſee her *undreſt*,
And hew'd all to Pieces by a *hot-headed* Prieſt:
For us 'twould be ſhameful in Silence to ſit;
When a *Prieſt* is a *roaſting*, we muſt help *turn* the *Spit*.

Do

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Do you my Lord *Ox—d*, 'gainſt Monarchs be keen,
But as you love *Wor——er*, ſpare the good Queen.
This perhaps by the by, in your Way may not lie,
But my *We—t* and your *Ho—ly* will Matters ſupply;
That you'll for a gentle *mild* Sentence give out,
When the Queſtion is put, you know how to vote.
On your Brother *Nor——ch* we chiefly depend,
The Right of our *Puritan* Friends to defend;
And may he excel both his Patrons Renown,
Be juſt as the FATHER, and wiſe as the SON.
From our Brother *Chich.* we ſhould claim a fine Speech
On this ranting high Sermon the Co——ns impeach;
But now *Eaſter*'s at Hand, we expect not a Word,
Since the *Pariſh* bids more than we can afford.
He muſt loſe his Off'rings, with this they do teaze (him,
Or vote againſt us, in order to pleaſe 'em.
Some *Lay* Peers, we doubt, will be apt for to flinch,
But are ſure that your *Lordſhips* will not budge an (Inch.
What, tho' we all once did *Reſiſtance* renounce,
And for not being *paſſive*, poor *Johnſon* did trounce?
Sure we never took up our Opinions *for Life*,
For better for worſe, as a Man does his Wife?
What Opinion is upmoſt, 'tis ſafe to be of it,
A Fig for *Lawn Sl—s* that won't turn for their Profit.
Thus incenc'd at the *Doctor*, theſe Ri—t Re——nd (Teachers
Vow'd they'd make him a Warning to all *High-Church* (Preachers:
But oh! how they look'd when their Friends hung (an Arſe,
And their deep-plotted *Tragedy* turn'd to a *Farce!*
With Amazement they found their Cauſe all a- (Ground,
And the *Hall* with loud Ecchos of Joy to reſound;
They ſlunk to their Coaches, the *Doctor* did follow;
They went off with a *Whoop*, but he with a *Hallow*.

On

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On Mr. Ho——ly, *who ſays the People are ſupream Governors, and Monarchs are but their Miniſters.*

THere is a Man, ſome modern Whigs think fit,
Amongſt our loyal Biſhops rank'd to ſit;
A crippl'd Prieſt, whoſe *Intellects* are lame
As his *Supporters*, noxious is his Name;
Who gives each Topick that he treats, ſuch Touches,
As, like himſelf, muſt be upheld by *Crutches*.
A brave Defender of th' eſtabliſh'd Church
As ever left her Doctrine in the Lurch;
But I'm perſwaded ſuch a crooked Stick
Will never gain an *Engliſh* Biſhoprick:
And may they ne'er obtain our Sovereign's Favour,
That dare be guilty of ſuch rude Behaviour,
As to confront the Doctrine ſhe eſteems;
The only *Medium* free from all Extreams,
As he has done, as ev'ry Child can tell,
That boaſts in b'ing an *Anticheverell*.

Upon the burning of Mr. Burges's *Pulpit.*

INvidious *Whigs*, ſince you have made your Boaſt,
That you a Church of *England* Prieſt would roaſt,
Blame not the Mob, for having a Deſire
With Preſbyterian *Tubs* to light the Fire.
A Mob's abhor'd by all, and juſtly too,
Tho' rais'd againſt ſuch Miſcreants as you,
Whoſe threatning Tongues began the Fray, and rue.
And now you curſe and dam the ſilly Elves,
For Miſchiefs you brought only on your ſelves;
And ought to ſwing too, if the Law can reach 'em,
For practiſing Doctrines your *Canters* teach 'em.

You

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You give 'em all the Pow'r, and then would hang 'em
For pulling down your Houſes, that's a Trangum.

The Thankſgiving.

REpublicans, your tuneful Voices raiſe,
And teach the People who to thank and praiſe.
L—d *Wh——n* firſt, for b'ing High-Church's Terror,
And confuting that antique vulgar Error,
That poys'nous Creatures could not in *I—land* live,
'Till he came thither, ſuch Methods to contrive.
That nought but worſe than *Serpents* might ſurvive.
Thank him for coming o'er to *roaſt* a Prieſt,
And for's incomparable *witty* Jeſt,
In calling Church-men *Cats*, and hurrying on
His wide-mouth'd *Non-Con* Beagles to worry 'em.
Thank him for cocking's Hat i' th' Houſe, and hideous bawling,
To ſhew his Wits were gone a *Caterwauling*;
Or elſe he'd maul'd High-Church, and ſnack'd her Spoils,
By old *Rump* Arts, or new *Diſſenting* Wiles.
Thank the *Scotch* Peers who voted for the Church,
And the *Lawn Sl—s* that left her in the Lurch.
Thank the L—d M—r, a *Wight* by all forſaken,
For turning Cat i' th' Pain to ſave his Bacon.
Thank wiſe *Sa—el* for being ſo hugely civil,
As to call truth the Doctrine of the Devil.
Thank the L. C. J. or all had been loſt,
Who, by nicking Time, gain'd the vacant Poſt,
Which he had never had but for *baſting* the Roaſt.
Thank the *Sock-Jobbers* for your thriving Trade;
Thank juſt *Vulpone* that all your Debts are pay'd.
Thank thoſe, who in Dearth ought to have reſerv'd
To relieve the Poor, who were almoſt ſtarv'd;

Yet

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Yet waſted a hundred thouſand Pounds at leaſt,
In a new Frolick of *Bear-bating* a Prieſt;
Or, which was quite as well, to make themſelves (a Jeſt.)

Thank Dr. *W—ſt* for preaching up Reſiſtance,
And more the *Jeſuits* for giving him Aſſiſtance.
Thank them that thank'd him for advancing Tenets
Entirely *Popiſh*, or *Presbyterian Ke—ts*.
Thank your ſelves, proud *W—gs*, that you're ex-(poſ'd and blam'd,
And in all *Addreſſes* reproachfully nam'd;
But thank th' Almighty if you are not damn'd.

The Hiſtory of the Imp———nt:

OR,

The Nation's gone mad.

A new Ballad.

THE Nation had always ſome Token
Of *Madneſs*, by Turns and by Fits;
Their Senſe was both ſhatter'd and broken,
But now they are out of their Wits.
Can any Man ſay the L—d M——r,
Of Pa———nt likewiſe a Member,
Did wiſely to ſet up a *Bear*,
To preach on the fifth of *November*?
Was the *Doctor* leſs touch'd in his Brain,
To ſtuff his Diſcourſe with Gun-power;
Or *Do——ben*, who fir'd the Train,
And made it *bounce* louder and louder?
Even he who wrought all *underhand*,
So thinking to ſave his own Bacon;
Some doubt, that for all his wiſe *Wand*,
For a Conjurer ought to be taken.

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But our S——ate has out-done 'em all,
By their grave and moſt ſolemn Proceeding,
On a *Pageant* in *W———er-H—ll*,
When the Nation lay almoſt a *Bleeding*.
In ſuch a nice critical State,
When of mighty Affairs there were ſev'ral,
To ſpend their ſweet Hours in Debate,
About *Ho—ly* and *Henry Sach——ll*,
Of the Danger that threaten'd the Nation,
From the ſcandalous Term of *Vulpone*,
Thrown on the Man of high Station,
That ſo freely ſupplies us with Money.
So as the rare *Frolick* went round,
It ſeiz'd at laſt on the People,
Who ſwore they would pull to the Ground
The Churches that wanted a *Steeple*.
They rebell'd in the *Doctor's* Defence,
Who ſo boldly had cry'd their Pow'r down,
And freeely gave up their Pretence
To ſtand by the *Church* and the *Crown*.
And the Folks who ſo zealouſly ſtrove
For their Power, outragiouſly fell,
And by force of Arms they would prove,
That they had no *Right* to rebel.
The *C——ns*, by Arguments keen,
From the Senſe of the Doctor's Expreſſions,
Prov'd ſome Words, that nothing could mean,
To be *damnable* Crimes and Tranſgreſſions.
The *L—s*, having all Things regarded,
Affirm'd he had *highly* offended;
Then vote he ought to be rewarded,
And ſo the rare *Farce* was thus ended.
Thus I prove, that the *M——r*, who invited,
And the zealous *Doctor* who preach'd,
The Man the *C——ns* incited,
And theſe that the Doctor imp——'d;
All thoſe that the Queſtion did handle,
The *Mob*, and all ſuch as did gainſay,

The

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The L—s (be it ſaid without Scandal)
To be all in a different *Frenzy*.
What Remedy then in the Nation,
For this Madneſs that really ſo much is,
But ſome *ſober* and *wiſe* Application
From *S——d*, and the Great D——s?

An Elegy Balladwiſe *on the Death of* John Dolben, *Eſq*; *who departed this Life at* Epſom, *on* Monday May *the* 28*th*, 1710

IS *John Dolben* dead? Fare him heartily well,
In joyful Elegies I'll ring his Knell;
For tho' he liv'd *ſo ſo*, he dy'd very well,
If you'll believe the *looſe W—gs*, that ſtill take his (Part,
And firſt contributed to break his poor Heart.
'Tis true, Repentance might wipe out the Stains
Of his polluted Life, and mercenary Brains;
His hir'd Tongue and brib'd Conſcience
Might check him into a religious Senſe
Of his high Crimes and Miſdemeanors great,
And he might Mercy find at Mercy's Seat.
What, tho' they ſay he kept a little Whore?
What W—g's exempted, that keeps open Door,
And's not bewitch'd, or miſerably poor?
That's Innocence in *W—gs*, that in damn'd *T—es*
Amount to Sins o' th' higheſt Stories.
What, tho' with worſt of Men he lately ſorted,
And 'gainſt High-Church kick'd, winch'd, and (ſnorted,
He was not quite ſo bad as *Fame* reported:
For what muſt not the ſtaunchſt Mortal do,
That is a great Man's *Tool*, and has a Place in View?
Allowances are given to th' Rich, much more
To proud ambitious Fops realy poor.

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Or how will Turns of State, and cunning Tricks
Be kept on Foot by modern Politicks,
To hoodwink Fools, and ſtraiten crooked Sticks?
What, tho' for ten Years paſt he left the Bed
Of's vertuous Wife; he'd others in her Stead,
To get a Race of *W—gs* on, to ſerve the Nation
On ev'ry emergent anarchical Occaſion?
For baſe begotten Brats do naturally fight
'Gainſt juſtly crown'd Heads by *hereditary* Right;
Which being the huge great Work now carrying on,
Dolben acted like a wiſe Republican.
What, tho' Friends, it may be, truly object,
He was of ev'ry Side, Faction, and Sect;
An Atheiſt, Deiſt, notorious Hypocrite,
A mere State-*Juggler* when ſet in's true Light,
That for a Place would ſay a Black-a-moore was (white?
And why not? ſince all but dull *Church Fools* confeſs,
That ſolid Gain is real Godlineſs.
'Tis the known Priviledge of *W—gs* to plead Con- (ſcience,
And to re-act *Biſarius* in their own Defence;
To whore, ſwear or unſwear, cheat, lie, and cant,
So't be done demurely with the Looks of a Saint.
Nay, farther yet, for their own private Good,
They can make Monarchs happy by *ſhedding* their (Blood.
What, tho' to *Epſom* the *Manager* ſtole down,
To avoid the *Mob*, and the more noiſy Town;
'Twas not out of Fear, but to wiſely prepare
'Gainſt the next Occaſion of baiting a Bear,
And advancing Reſiſtance in Deſpite of Addreſſes,
And ſolace with *Miſs* in her charming Careſſes.
But while all theſe vaſt Deſigns were on Foot,
And a great Place at Court expected to boot,
A raging *ſpotted Fever* all his Hopes defeated,
And Maugre his *Cooler*, his Blood ſo over-heated,

As

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As ſummon'd him to Tryal, without uſing more
(Words,
At the Tribunal of the Great *Lord of Lords*,
To anſwer for all the Miſdeeds he had done;
Make Haſte, ſays the *Fever*, your laſt Thread is ſpun.
Nor Prayers nor Tears can now ought avail,
Your Caſe admits neither Mainprize nor Bail;
The Meaſure you made ſometime to another,
Is now made your own, as a real *Falſe Brother*.
With that he look'd grim, bidding utter Defiance
To th' Party that gain'd him into Compliance,
With their horrid Deſigns to bring to Confuſion
The Church and the State, and the whole Conſtitu-
(tion;
Then left him expos'd, to beg or be ſtarv'd,
As a juſt Reward for what he'd deſerv'd,
In ſerving the Nation's *occult* Enemies;
More would he have ſaid, hath not Death clos'd his
(Eyes.

His EPITAPH.

HERE *lies* Whiggiſh John, *who, in Hopes of being*
(*greater*,
Forſook his firſt Principles, and on a Theatre
Rail'd at High-Church, from which he had's Bread,
In Expectance of being more ſumptuouſly fed
By a Great Man, that ne'er did, nor ne'er will
Do the leaſt Good, or vacant Place fill,
But to ſerve his own Int'reſt; which now too too late,
Dolben *perceiving to be his ſad Fate,*
To be made a rank Setter, *then left at a Stand,*
Dy'd in Revenge, for being baſely trepann'd.

On

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On Mr. Dolben's *Voyage to, and Return from the* Indies.

LOUD Blaſphemy *Jack*, being ſtript by *Oak Royal*,
The degenerate Son of a *Sire* truly loyal,
With Goal-Birds and Whores to Plantations he croſs'd,
'Till the *Sharper* retriev'd what the *Bubble* had loſt.
Now in Hopes of a Place, he yelp'd and impeach'd,
But the pert froward *Fop* himſelf over-reach'd;
And had been committed to Goal by the L—ds,
If he had not ſhamefully eat his own Words.

A Litany.

FROM People pretending t' extraord'nary *Zeal*,
That can faſt and pray, publick Vices to heal,
Yet eat up an *Orphan* at every Meal,
Libera nos, &c.

From them that ſtudiouſly Miſchiefs do make,
And cheat their beſt Friends for *Conſcience* Sake,
And for Gain will go t'th' *infernal* Lake.
Libera nos, &c.

From ſuch as take the Sacramental *Tye*
Whene'er they find a good *Reaſon* why,
Yet never think they are bound thereby,
Libera nos, &c.

From *Pale Ale* with Lime in't, and *Parſons*'s Bub,
From the Gang of Rogues at a *Calve's-head* Club,
And the fiery Tryal of *Burges's* Tub,
Libera nos, &c.

From tolerated Churches without e'er a Steeple,
From *Ho—ly* the fanatick cuckoldly Cripple,
And from the ſovereign *Power* o'th' People,
Libera nos, &c.

From

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From the traiterous Offspring of *Forty One*,
That cringe and fawn, and flatter the Crown,
For no other End but to pull it quite down,
Libera nos, &c.

From thoſe that by publick Frauds are enrich'd,
And ſuch as 'twixt *Pride* and *Zeal* are bewitch'd,
And Republicans into *Vice Royalties* hitch'd,
Libera nos, &c.

From empty hot-headed fierce Legiſlators,
Traiterous *Reviews*, and baul'd *Obſervators*,
And ſenſleſs eternal politick Praters,
Libera nos, &c.

From *Cabals* that to ruin the Kingdom do ſit,
From new Laws that inſult the old *ſacrid* Writ,
And from Courtiers over *burthen'd* with Wit,
Libera nos, &c.

From the Peſt of a State, a Club-ridden Brave,
Who a Nation does with her own Money enſlave,
And has damn'd more in Fact, than *Juſtice* can ſave,
Libera nos, &c.

From a People too good to be told of their Faults,
From an Head of a City whoſe Word goes for nought,
And from eating hard Eggs without any Salt,
Libera nos, &c.

Upon the bur—g of Dr. Sac——ell's *Sermons.*

WHAT is become of the old Oath of Allegiance,
When you puniſh your Paſtors for Paſſive-
(Obedience?

You firſt burn his Sermons, the Homilies next;
For all the Homilies agree with his Text.
If Things are thus manag'd, it may be poſſible,
That the next Burnt-Off'ring will be the *Bible.*
The Br—ate refuſing to come to his Tryal,
In my Opinion is St. *Peter*'s Denial.

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Six

Six B——ps were for him, but ſeven more wiſe,
Have ſav'd their own Bacon in Low-Church Diſguiſe.
Their Votes ſo divided, as plainly does ſhew,
At Sixes and Sevens Religion does go.

The Church of England's *new Toaſt.*

LONG Life to the Queen, and a proſperous Reign,
May ſhe humble proud Monſieur, and make (him quit *Spain*;
May ſhe ſettle young *Charles* on his Anceſtors Throne,
And make all his Subjects as bleſs'd as her own.
Here's a Health to the Church and to all that dare (right her,
To the Perſons that wear, and are Friends to the Mitre:
To the fifty two L—ds, who W—g Notions abhor'd,
And wiſely declar'd againſt burning God's Word:
To the many Grand Juries, who have boldly expreſs'd
Their Zeal for the Church, when the Queen they (addreſs'd:
To *Glo'ſter* and *Oxford*, and *Warwick* the brave,
Who its Doctrines from all its Oppoſers would ſave;
And to all that Republican Tenets deteſt,
With Warmth in their Words, and with Truth in (their Breaſt:
To her Majeſty's Uncle, who'd make us all ſafe,
If again but poſſeſs'd of the M—e and white S—ff;
And the reſt of the Stateſmen, who, fam'd for their (Zeals,
Have a Right to the K—y, and the P—ſe, and the (S—ls:
To the Counties and Burroughs that lay it at Heart,
That the Members they've choſen, from their Duties (ſhould ſtart,
And promiſe that they'll better Meaſures purſue,
Than to chuſe ſuch ſham P——ts as theſe are anew.
May

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May *England*, Old *England*, in Glory ſtill riſe,
And bleſs'd be the Preacher that open'd her Eyes.
Here's a Health to the Doctor, whom no one muſt (name,
And he's a *falſe Brother* that won't pledge the ſame.

The Doctor Militant:

OR,

Church Triumphant.

To the Tune of Packington's Pound. *By* N. F. G. *Gent.*

BOld *Whigs* and *Fanaticks* now ſtrive to pull down
The true Church of *England*, both Mitre and (Crown;
To introduce Anarchy into the Nation,
As they did *Oliver*'s late Uſurpation.
In Queen *Ann*'s happy Reign
They attempt it again,
Who burn the Text, and the Preacher arraign.
Sacheverell, *Sacheverell*, thou ar't a brave Man,
To ſtand for the Church, and our gracious Q. *Ann*.
In *James*'s Reign, when the Church had a Fall,
The Peers and the Prelates King *William* did call,
That he might recover what then did decline,
And ſettle the Crown in the Proteſtant Line;
For that pious End
He did recommend
The late Toleration, that *Whigs* did befriend.
Sacheverell, *Sacheverell*, whoſe Zeal did abide,
By Commons and Lord at the Bar to be try'd.
Theſe ſeeming Conformiſts crept in the Church-Sleeve,
The credulous Mother the Knaves did believe;
But like to the Snake in the Fable they prove,
That ſtung the good Man for his Bounty and Love;

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Their Power employ
Her Rites to annoy,
And thro' her Indulgence herſelf to deſtroy.
Sachev'rell, *Sachev'rell*, it's only to you
The Church is oblig'd, and our Thanks become due.
Their Practice and Principles ſtand on Record,
Ere ſince they beheaded their ſovereign Lord;
The Spawn of the Rebels in that bloody Fray,
Celebrate that Regicide this very Day;
Who yearly do Feaſt
On the Head of a Beaſt,
Upon th' Anniverſary of the Deceas'd.
Sachev'rell, *Sachev'rell*, brave *'Chev'rell* alone,
Dare tell ſuch a barbarous People their own.
When the Crown and the Scepter fell in the Mobs (Hands,
They could not ſubmit to each others Commands;
The Robbers fell out in dividing the Spoil,
In Blood, War, and Taxes, poor *England* embroil;
Like Babies and Fools,
They play with edg'd Tools;
When all are Superiors, then no Body rules.
Sachev'rell, *Sachev'rell*, you've ſhewn 'em the Way
To honour the *Queen*, and the *Church* to obey.
While Knaves thus contended to ſit on the Throne,
The Owner had Hopes to recover his own;
And ſo it fell out, in the Midſt of their Jars,
The King's Reſtoration did finiſh the Wars;
In whoſe Golden Days
The Church held the Keys,
And kept in Subjection ſuch Rebels as theſe;
For then were *Sachev'rells*, whom God did inſpire,
To reſcue the Church from *Fanatical* Fire.

The

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The Old Pack.

1.

COme ye old *Engliſh* Huntſmen, that love noble Sport,
Here's a Pack to be ſold, and ſtaunch Dogs of the Sort;
Nor Sir *Sewſter*, nor *Chetwynd* can match our fleet Hounds,
For breaking down Fences, and leaping o'er Mounds;
Some are deep-mouth'd and ſpeedy, ſome mad, blind, and lame,
Some Yelpers and Curs, but all fit for the Game.
Then to Horſe, loyal Hearts leſt the Round-heads deceive ye,
For they have the Dogs, and are riding tantivy.

2.

There's Atheiſts and Deiſts, and fawning Diſſenter,
There's Republican ſly, and long-winded Canter;
There's Hereſy, Schiſm, and mild Moderation,
That's ſtill in the Wrong for the Good of the Nation;
There's Baptiſt, Socinian, and Quakers with Scruples,
'Till kind Toleration linkt 'em all in Church-Couples.
Then to Horſe, &c.
For they have, &c.

3.

Some were bred in the Army, ſome dropt from the Fleet,
Under Bulks ſome were litter'd, and ſome in the Street;
Some are good harmleſs Curs, without Teeth or Claws,
Some were whelp'd in a Shop, and ſome Runners at Laws;
Some were wretched poor Curs, Mungrel Starvers and Setters,
'Till dividing the Spoil they put in with their Betters.
Then to Horſe, &c.
For they have, &c.

4.

A few, very few of the true *Engliſh* Breed,
Whoſe Noſes were good, and of excellent Speed;

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But what's a fine Mouth to oppoſe ſuch vile Throats,
Where Hunters and Noiſe quite drown the ſweet Notes?
If he bites of a Fault, or runs the Scence right,
Honeſt *Tory* is worry'd for a rank *Jacobite?*
Then to Horſe, &c.
For they have, &c.

5.

Five hundred ſtout Dogs are a brave Pack to run,
But the Leaders in chief are but old Forty One,
On hot burning Scent, when they open their Throats,
Then trail a Court-Place, how the ſtaunchеſt change (Notes;
Tho' no Horn nor Voice can their Fury controul,
Yet to the *White Staff* they hunt all under Pole.
Then to Horſe, &c.
For they have, &c.

6.

Crys the Huntſman, *B. Ho—ly*, dear Whelps I'm a *Knave*,
But you're all ſov'reign Curs, and your Prince is your (Slave;
This my Writings will prove ſtoll'n from *Prynn*, *Nye*, (and *Peters*,
That all free-born Dogs may fall on their *Betters*;
Then away on the Scent, 'tis the *old Game* and *good*,
While *Peers* have fat Haunches, and *Kings* Royal Blood.
Then to Horſe, &c.
For they have, &c.

7.

A ſtout orthodox Doctor fell firſt in the Wind;
The Pack open'd their Throats, in Hopes Mob would (ha' join'd;
By a ſtrong paſſive Scent they run him full Speed,
'Till the Rabble cry'd out, *You're rank there,—Take heed*;
What, o'er leap the Church-Pales, and break Conſti- (tution?
Here the Devil's your Leader, and you hunt for Con- (fuſion!
Then to Horſe, &c.
For they have, &c.

8 At

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8.

At the Head of a Pack ſtupid *William* commanding,
Who's of Quality bred, by his deep Underſtanding,
If to dull worthleſs Whelps we may Titles afford,
His Merits confeſs him a Dog of a L—d;
Thoſe cafty old Curs, that deſpiſe the poor Tool,
Yet only for Luck Sake they'll hunt with a Fool.
Then to Horſe, &c.
For they have, &c.

9.

There's *Woolf* rapacious, and *Bluſter* and *Thunder*,
And *Peter* the grim, and the late Sp—ker *Blunder*;
For the dull heavy Curs love to mount in a Chair,
Tho' like *Monkeys* that climb, th'expoſe that Part bare;
And *Jack-ll* the ill-look'd, who trains up new Comers,
And ſtill ſpeaks in Seaſon, for his Wit comes from (*S—ers*.
Then to Horſe, &c.
For they have, &c.

10.

There's Blaſphemy *Jack*, that was ſtript by Oak (Royal,
The Republican Whelp of a Sire truly loyal;
With Goal-Birds and Whores to Plantations he croſs'd,
'Till the Sharper retriev'd what the Bubble had loſt;
Now in Hopes of a Place, he ſtill yelps and im—ches,
Tho' this pert froward Cur oft himſelf over-reaches.
Then to Horſe, &c.
For they have, &c.

11.

There's *Hackum* and *Braſs*, for their deep Mouths re- (nown'd,
Becauſe empty Sculls have a great Strength of Sound;
Send *Hackum* to *Spain*, what great Feats he'll atchieve,
And it's Conduct enough to make *Senates* believe;
And young *Braſs* of *Corinth* can never deceive ye,
For he pays off a Cauſe as well as a Navy.
Then to Horſe, &c.
For they have, &c.

12. How

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12.

How Honour and Honesty Dogs can unite,
For their Country's Sake, they'll steal, plunder, and (bite;
Themselves and their Whelps they enrich for their (Good,
And make Monarchs great by shedding their Blood;
Yet so eager for Gain—the white Staff take away,
They hunt dear *Vulpone* for a rank Beast of Prey.
Then to Horse, &c.
For they have, &c.

13.

Then *Tory*, poor *Tory*, never hope to prevail,
You're beat from the Pack with a Shoe at your Tail;
Go learn to plead Conscience, when you cheat, lie, (and cant,
And plunder the Publick with the Looks of a Saint;
If you join the old Set, with new Principles fit ye,
Stick at nothing that's base, you'll be o'th' Committee.
Then to Horse, loyal Hearts, lest the Round-heads deceive ye,
For they have the Dogs, and are riding tantivy.

A new Ballad.

To the Tune of the Black-Smith.

SINCE Monarchs were Monarchs, it never was (known,
That so little Power belong'd to a Crown,
Or that, made by a Mob, they may so be pull'd down,
Which no Body dares deny.
How the People come by it, may seem somewhat odd,
But an orthodox Preacher by the Se—te allow'd,
Has given them this Right 'till now thought in God;
Which no Body, &c.
Says

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Says the *Rights* of the *Church*, and this *Teacher*, Mankind
Are to God and their King by contract confin'd,
Which, if it be not mutual, never can bind,
Which no Body, &c.

Nay, ſuppoſing it ſo, and both Sides agreed,
Should the People repent, and demand to be freed,
Cry the *Covenant's* broke, and ſo cancel the Deed,
Which no Body, &c.

Of this new-reviv'd Doctrine ſome ſtill were in Doubt,
By a Prelate Preacher ſo bandy'd about,
'Till the P———nt met, and have made in all out,
Which no Body, &c.

The H—ſe was but thin, and their Queſtions but few,
While the Money was giving, they'd nothing to do,
To ſtir up the People to chuſe them a-new,
Which no Body, &c.

Crys a Party-man ſlily, Pray where will this tend,
If a whole Winter-Se—ns ſo quietly end?
'Tis by Buſtle and Noiſe we gull Country Friend,
Which no Body, &c.

Here's a politick Parſon of late does pretend
To ſhew the Q—n's Right from God does deſcend,
A miſchievous Doctrine, and very ill penn'd,
Which no Body, &c.

Let this be the Theme of our preſent Debate,
To humble ſuch Parſons, and not let them prate,
For the Bible has nothing to do with our St—e,
Which no Body, &c.

The Motion was lik'd, and they take ſpecial Care,
To ſhew they deſign no Mortal to ſpare,
For as Patron to him, they arraign my *Lord M—r*,
Which no Body, &c.

He frighten'd, when t'other's in Cuſtody taken,
The Orders he gave, has wiſely forſaken;
So the Doctor was lurch'd, and the *M—r* ſav'd his (Bacon,
Which no Body, &c.

But

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But hold, crys a Member, I think we've all err'd,
'Cauſe the Man's a Fool to ſtrike at the whole Herd,
And therefore to mend it, let's have one prefer'd,
Which no Body, &c.

The Q—n can't refuſe ſuch a pious Addreſs,
She'll make him a Biſhop, ſhe can do no leſs,
For he raiſes the People, and her does depreſs,
Which no Body, &c.

The Party was mightily pleas'd with this Speech,
And vote, (that all Parſons may learn how to preach)
This Man to promote, and the other im—ch,
Which no Body, &c.

This loyal Reſolve is brought up to the L—ds,
To which the Majority ſtreightway accord,
And agree that ſuch Principles ſhould be abhor'd,
Which no Body, &c.

That for preaching this Doctrine he ſhould be paid
(Home,
To be try'd at the Bar of their H—ſe, he ſhall come,
Where for half of the *Co*——*s* they could not find
(Room,
Which no Body, &c.

Which the *Co*——*s* debate, and at laſt give their
(Voice,
That *Weſtminſter-Hall* is the Place of their Choice;
For if done there in Form, 'twill make the more
(Noiſe,
Which no Body, &c.

The L—ds to this Matter gave no more Denial,
But Scaffolds erect for a more ſolemn T—al,
That the Ladies, and Co——s, and Folks may be
(by all,
Which no Body, &c.

To work in a Hurry Sir *Chriſtopher* falls,
And fetches his Men and his Boards from St. *Paul's*;
I'm glad at my Heart they paſs'd clear by *White-hall*,
Which no Body, &c.

This

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This Whim is to coſt us full three thouſand Pounds,
And the *Queen* is to hear on what Foot ſhe was (Crown'd,
Whether ſhe, or the People, are like to get Ground,
Which no Body, &c.
But, Nobles, take Care you rue not the Hour,
When the *Co——ns* were thus put in Mind of their (*Power*,
Impeaching's a Thing that has made you look ſour,
Which no Body, &c.

The Weſtminſter-*Combat.*

1.

'TIS odd to conceive what a War has been wag'd
Among the late C——ns of *Britain*,
Where Whigs and Low-flyers ſo hotly engag'd,
Good Principles ſoon to get rid on.

2.

They fought and did battle a certain Divine,
So furious in *Weſtminſter-hall*,
That the Trophies and Triumphs from *Danube* and *Rhine*
Hung ſhatter'd and ready to fall.

3.

He preach'd, as 'tis ſaid, at the City's St. *Paul*,
With a wicked and vicious Intent,
To ſtir up the People to break down the Walls
Of Peace and juſt Goverment.

4.

For not to reſiſt, you know is the Way
To deſtroy the Peace of the Nation;
And not rebel, is truly to ſay
You ſpurn at true Moderation.

4.

Therefore to prevent ſuch a miſchievous Blunder,
Which the Parſons ſo often commit,

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The *Posse* is rais'd, and the C——ns out-tha—
New Votes to guard the Pulpit.

6.

The Doctor's arraign'd of high Crimes and Transf-
For preaching such damnable Things, (gressions,
And the rest of the Order must hate all Expressions
Which encourage Obedience to K—s.

7.

And to suppress such a pestilent Notion
Which scandals the Rights of the People,
Their *Armies* are marshall'd, and now upon *Motion*,
To pull down the C——es with Steeples.

8.

The first that assaulted was valiant Sir *J*——,
A Warrior of famous Renown,
Who fir'd a Volley of Words without mean,
Then trembling sat himself down.

9.

Then *D*——*n*, his Second, quite out of his Reason,
To see the chief Art — such a Buffle,
With Lyon-like Rage endeavours to seize on
The Doctor and's Cause in the Scuffle.

10.

The next that appear'd was the learn'd Sir *P*——,
In Antiquity skilful and great,
Who pour'd such Charges that wounded much deeper,
But yet he was woundily beat.

11.

Then him to relieve, does *L*——*re* aspire,
With *J*——*l*, a Judge in the *West*,
Who blusterd and rav'd, and swore they would fire
The Doctrine as well as the Priest.

12.

Lord *W*——*m* comes next, most nicely equipt
With Musquet and Ball in his Hand;
But alas! of his Powder and Flint he was stript,
And therefore was put to a Stand.

13. *St*——*e*

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13.

St——*e* impatient, no longer could bear
To ſee his own Troops diſappointed,
But ſtorms, and diſcharges, and rattles i' th' Air
Againſt K—s, and all that's anointed.

14.

Then comes Mr. *C*——*r*, as Part of the Rout,
Well known in an eminent Cauſe,
And fights with his Friends moſt brave and moſt *ſtout*
'Gainſt Loyalty paſſive and L—s.

15.

But the fierceſt and keeneſt of all the Commanders
Was truſty Sir *T*——*s* of *D*——*y*,
Who Proweſs and Courage ſurpriz'd the By-ſtanders
Becauſe a C—— J—— was heard by.

16.

For *W*——*l* and *S*——*h*, and the reſt of the Clan,
Who the Doctor ſo bravely accoſted,
Their Exploits were ſo mean, and their Actions ſo vain,
That they all deſerve to be poſted.

17.

To theſe may be added another Brigade
Of *B*——ps and Temporal L—ds,
Whoſe *Weapons* were ready, whoſe *Speeches* were made,
Full charg'd, not with Senſe, but with Words.

18.

Theſe all with a Fury becoming their Zeal,
For Liberty and Moderation,
Did fight, and were beat, their Arguments fail,
To the Pleaſure and Joy of the N—n.

19.

The Doctor, whoſe Army was ſmall, but ſurprizing,
Did totally them overthrow;
They ſmote him i' th' Arſe, but ſtill his upriſing
Is owing to that lucky Blow.

20.

The Mob of his Side, the Ladies appear
All over the Town in his Favour;

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Which

Which galls the poor M—rs hanging their Ear
Like *G—r—d*, or any falſe Brother.

21.

Dejected and ſcorn'd, they wander about,
Poor Wretches, forlorn and forſaken;
Upbraided and banter'd with Jeer and with Flout,
Becauſe they were happ'ly miſtaken.

22.

And may all the M——rs meet with ſuch Chance,
And be laugh'd at in Country and Town,
Who ſo baſely intend, and ſo rudely advance
To beat loyal Principles down.

Another Elegy on the Death of John Dolben, *Eſq; Mannager in chief at the Tryal of Dr.* Sacheverell. *By* Iſaac Bickerſtaffe, *Eſq;*

WEEP, all you *Schiſmaticks*, ſince he is gone,
That was your Hope, your Prop, and Cor-(ner-Stone,
Republican Schemes no longer hand about,
For Death in all your Shapes, will find you out.
Cannot the *M--n-g--rs* then reſt at Eaſe,
But the grim Tyrant muſt diſturb *their* Peace?
So *Lennard* trod the horrid Path before
Where *Dolben*'s gone, and ſo will many more.
When the fierce King of Terrors gripes the Man,
He finds his lov'd *Reſiſtance* is in vain;
Paſſive-Obedience then he courts too late,
For *Death*'s coercive Pow'r has ſeal'd his Fate.
Thus, who 'gainſt *Right divine* moſt warmly ſtrive,
Only for publick Inſtances of Juſtice live,
'Till Providence, prepar'd to ſhew her Pow'r,
Cuts off the Boaſter in a thoughtleſs Hour;
For he that his firſt Principles does quit,
Seldom's permitted to repent of it.

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A Church-man's Son, that baſely can reſign,
For the Mob's Pow'r, a Right he knows divine,
Can never think to meet with a Reprieve;
For that would be a Crime in *any* Pow'r to give.
His ſacred Sire would be aſham'd to ſee
A Son of his contend 'gainſt Royalty;
Much more to ſee him pull the Mitre down,
And trample on the Honour of the Crown.
From ſuch a Father, rarely it is known,
Was e'er produc'd ſo falſe and baſe a Son;
Falſe to the Church, his Brethren, and the Laws;
Falſe to his Friend, and falſe in ev'ry Cauſe.
The treach'rous Arts in Gaming firſt he lov'd,
Which was in *India* afterwards improv'd;
From thence his *Heathen* Politicks he drew,
And into *Chriſtian* modell'd them anew.
Now for a St—ſm—n he was well equipp'd,
Of Honour, Conſcience, and Religion ſtripp'd;
The Church and Church-men were a daily Jeſt,
And his Diverſion *roaſting of a Prieſt*;
But the ſweet Sawce that moſt regal'd his Taſte,
Was, a fat Penſion, that he gain'd at laſt.
Weep then, ye friendly *W—gs*, his ſudden Fall,
But firſt repent, e'er Death o'ertake you all;
Ere you the Fruits of Perſecution ſee,
And all th' Effects of paſſive Loyalty;
Ere all true Church-men have addreſs'd the Throne,
And Duty from Diſloyalty be known,
The Mitre flouriſhing beneath the Crown.

His EPITAPH.

HERE lies a Member both of Church and State,
Who yet from neither did receive his Fate;
But making about both a mighty Pother,
Death nick'd him in a Trice, like a falſe Brother;
Nor gave him Time to ſay, Forgive me Mother!

Take

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Take Warning hence, all who the Church betray,
Leſt for your Conſcience you too dearly pay.

To th' Learn'd and Rev'rend Doctor Hoadly,
The quaint Petition of the Godly,

MOST *humbly ſheweth*, That whereas
Our Cauſe is better than it was
Before the happy Revolution,
When the Saints dream'd of Perſecution,
And did, for ſundry Reaſons, fear
The Pope and Devil were too near;
But ſince by your authentick teaching,
As well by ſcribbling, as by preaching,
Aſſiſted by our own Induſtry,
With much ado we've got the Maſt'ry;
And that the Wiſdom of the Nation,
To ſhew their thankful Approbation
Of the ſound Doctrines you have ſown,
To undermine both Church and Crown,
Drawn from thoſe learn'd and holy Fathers,
Hobs, *Calvin*, *Leiden*, *John*, and others;
And that to recompence your beſt
Endeavours to befoul your Neſt,
They've choſe you as the only Guide,
That muſt in ſpite be dignify'd,
In Hopes *Sacheverell* thereby
May ſee how he has trod awry,
And learn to ſtretch the holy Word
To what's deſtructive and abſurd.
We therefore pray, when they have rais'd you,
Who have ſo highly thank'd and prais'd you,
That you'll continue ſtill to be
A zealous true Church-Enemy,
Preach up thoſe Principles that now
Your Tongue and Pen alike avow;

Teach

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Teach Subjects how to grow rebellious,
And turn obſtrep'rous *Maſſanello's*;
Make Servants level with their Maſters,
And ſet the Flock above their Paſtors;
Pervert the Text from Good to Evil,
And mangle Truth to ſerve the Devil,
That Nonſence, Atheiſm, and Confuſion,
May work ſome farther Revolution.
Then, as in Duty bound, we'll pray,
That you may ſee that happy Day,
When you'll b'exalted God knows whither,
And *Paul Lorrain* attend you thither.

John Fox, a zealous Moderator;
Tom Sly, a Friend to th' *Obſervator*;
Jo Cant, a rigid Preſbyterian;
Will Snug, a Rogue you ſeldom hear on;
Sam Stiff, an Anabaptiſt Teacher;
Frank Bray, a true time-ſerving Preacher;
Elias Crump, a Camiſarian;
Tim Mutable, an Any-thing-arian;
Kit Graſp, a Lover of his Pelf;
Bob Query, Atheiſt, like your ſelf.

The JUNTO.

AT Dead of Night, when peaceful Spirits ſleep,
And undiſturb'd a peaceable Sabbath keep,
When only Fiends their baleful Looks diſplay,
Impatient of Diſcov'ries from the Day,
The *Junto* ſate, in the *N——th——rian* Dome,
Studious of Miſchiefs, and of Ills to come.
The Preſident, as uſual, fill'd the Chair,
With ſerious Aſpect, and malignant Air,
Diſeas'd in Body, and *diſturb'd* in Soul,
The one as much unclean, as t'other foul.

On

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On his right Hand was old *Vulpone* plac'd,
With Wealth, and ev'ry Thing but *Merit* grac'd:
A Man whose Arts, and undiscover'd Wiles,
Had vested him with wrong'd *Britannia's* Spoils;
And whose all powerful and commanding *Wand*,
Like *Aaron's*, had distress'd and vex'd the Land.
The Mansion's *fluttering* Lord and Master next
Was on the Left on his Posteriors fix'd,
And with a *grinning* Countenance survey'd
What Schemes were drawn up, and what Plans were (laid;
As he made Signs and Tokens all was safe
By his *extempore* Smiles, and thoughtless Laugh.
Near him the Bully *Vice-Roy* cock'd his Hat,
And prattl'd like a Mountebank of State;
Of Feats he o'er the Herring-pond had done,
And Proselytes to Mother Faction won;
Of breaking thro' a solemn *Stipulation*,
And forcing *Consciences*, by way of *Toleration*.
Nor was there Se———ry from his *Post*,
Without his intermeddling, all'd be lost;
A *Peer* to be deduc'd to future Ages,
For buying *Books*, and reading *Title-Pages*;
For *Elzivers* and *Aldus's* entire,
And being full as *boneſt* as his *Sire*.
The sixth and last was a presumptuous Lord,
More fit for *Colledge-Crusts*, than *Council-Board*;
A *Pirate* of a *Peer*, whose borrow'd Praise
Proceeds from others Schemes, and others Lays;
Since he now sits in Senate's Upper House,
By *Murray's* Projects, and by *Prior's* Mouse.

The

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On the French *King.*

BUZ.

SO represented, have I seen
On Puppet-Stage, a mimick King;
The manag'd Engin seem'd to speak
With Voice unfeign'd, and Movements make,
But 'tis through an ambiguous Light,
The lifeless Image cheats the Sight,
Whilst secret Wire, and hidden Spring,
Directs the artificial Thing.
The Royal Eccho thus rebounds,
Words not his own, in borrow'd Sounds.
So formerly the Devil spoke
His cursed Lies thro' Heart of Oak.
The passive Timber guiltless utter'd
Whate'er th' inchanting Spirit mutter'd.

MUM.

The Save-Alls.

WHile Faction with its baleful Breath proclaims
The loud Applause of undeserving Names,
And crys up Tenets that Rebellion teach,
From *H—ly*'s Writings, and from *S*—— Speech,
The Muse obedient to her Prince should rise,
To bear transcendent Merit to the Skies;
And Truth's Defenders piously deduce,
From Time to Time, for future Ages Use.
O *A—a!* could'st thou but a while regard
Some Patriots Vows, and let their Pray'rs be heard;
Could'st thou but once thy gracious Favours deign
To Doctrines that support thy glorious Reign,
B—— would not the sacret Lawn disgrace,
By preaching up Resistance to thy Face;

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Nor in thy C——t Republicans be ſeen,
To wrong their Country, and deceive their Q——;
But *R——er*, reſtor'd from his Diſgrace,
Would be thy D——ty in *W——n*'s Place;
And fam'd *S——ll* unſuſpended be,
Poſſeſs'd of ſome fat wealthy B——p's See.
Yet though, for ſome Offences yet unknown,
Heav'n bears with ſuch as theſe too near the T——e;
Tho' Loyalty, for ſome Time, muſt give Place
To faithleſs Anarchy's triumphant Race,
And B——, to the Scandal of their Coat,
Againſt the Apoſtle's Exhortation Vote;
As moſt of them, altho' the Cauſe is Heav'n's,
Have left the Church at *Sixes* and at *Sevens*,
Juſtice forbids that we ſhould Vertue wrong,
Or rob Religion's Champion of their Song,
Who for their own and Monarch's Rights have ſtood
Knaviſhly bold, and deſperately good;
And fearful of Prerogative's Invaſion,
Are juſtly ſtill'd *The Save-Alls of the Nation.*
Such is the dauntleſs *York*, whoſe ſilver Hairs
Are crown'd with Learning equal to his Years;
Of Poſt exalted, yet of humble Mind,
Studious of Good, beneficent and kind;
As meek as *Moſes*, and of *Joſhua* brave,
When call'd to ſuffer, or when call'd to ſave.
Fix'd on himſelf, immoveable and true,
He treads the Steps he bids us to purſue;
As nndebauch'd by Courtiers Smiles or Frowns,
He ſtands by God's Prerogative and the Crown's.
The ſame his Precepts which of old he taught,
From Reaſon and from Revelation brought.
His Language copious, and his Meaning ſtrong,
His Heart not inconſiſtent with his Tongue.
For Alms, for Arts, for Probity rever'd,
And *guiltleſs* as the Preacher he'd have *clear'd*.
Such *London* is, whoſe high deſcended Veins
Admit no Tincture of ſeditious Stains;

Loyal

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Loyal and juſt, as was his Sire, who fell
A Sacrifice to Treaſon and to Hell;
When Rebels their Allegiance durſt diſown,
And fought againſt their King to guard his Throne.
Oh! had not one of this illuſtrious Blood,
Lately departed from the Paths he trod,
And mingl'd with a baſe malignant Herd,
To be of Offices of Truſt preferr'd;
What Family could more conſpicuous ſhine
In every Branch of its untainted Line?
Such *Durham*, whoſe inimitable Zeal
For Church and Queen, and for his Country's Weal;
Whoſe early Labours, and continu'd Care,
Add Luſtre to the Coronet and Chair;
And might more noble Sentiments infuſe,
Than what are now receiv'd amongſt the *Crews*.
Such *Rocheſter*, in whoſe unſhaken Breaſt
Peace, Knowledge, Loyalty divinely reſt:
For unſuſpected Honeſty renown'd,
With Age, with Honour, and with Judgment crown'd;
His Thoughts ſurprizing, as their Senſe is ſound.
The Pride and Advocate of *Britain*'s Iſle,
As well as the Refiner of its Stile;
Whether in Verſe of * *Athens Plagues* he writes,
Or Treatiſes in nervous Proſe indites,
Solemn when he harrangues, and ſprightly when he bites,
As happy Periods his Deſcriptions cloſe,
And Satyr mix'd with Panegyrick flows.
Whether he points at heavy † *Sorbier*'s Flegm,
Or make a ‖ *King's Society* his Theme.
Such *Bath* and *Wells* the raptur'd Muſe inſpires
With Ardent Wiſhes, and with holy Fires;

* *A Poem written by him.*
† *His Anſwer to a Journey to* England.
‖ *Hiſtory of the Royal Society.*

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With Vows which are inceſſantly preferr'd,
That ſuch a Life as his may long be ſpar'd;
May ſtill adorn the Mitre which he wears,
And teach his Brethren how to fill their Chairs.
The beſt of Prelates, and the beſt of Men,
A worthy Succeſſor to Biſhop *Ken.*
Like him, by no Conſideration ſway'd,
To ſee his Flocks miſled, or Church betray'd;
Like him, when Storms impending threaten'd bold,
So were the Paſtors of God's Church of old,
'Till *Moderation* made Devotion cold:
A Game trump'd up by *Sectaries* of late,
To veil their Malice, and diſguiſe their Hate.
Such *Cheſter* is, from whoſe unerring Quill
Eternal Truths, like heav'nly Dews, diſtil;
As ſoft Perſwaſion dwells upon his Voice,
And plain inſtructive Doctrines are his Choice,
Atheiſts from his Diſcourſes Chriſtians turn,
And Proſelytes their vicious Actions mourn,
Unable their old Tenets to purſue,
When he lays every Sinners Crimes in View;
Horror and Dread within their Breaſts inſtils,
And even ſaves their Souls againſt their Wills.
To read him truly, is to read his Life,
All of a Piece, and never known to Strife;
But when falſe Notions would take Place of true,
And old Opinions are laid by for new,
Then zealous on a Rock God's Church to fix,
The youngeſt, not the meaneſt of the Six.

All or none.

A Woman grown Louſy for Want of due Care,
Reſolv'd all her former Miſtakes to repair;
And accordingly went amongſt Porters and Car-men,
For Ways and for Means to get rid of thoſe Vermin,
Since

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Since none could more readily give her Advice,
Than ſuch whoſe Acquaintance had long been with (Lice,
And knew where ſuch Cattle were wont to reſide,
By the Methods which they to extirpate 'em try'd.
Quoth a Fellow, whoſe Skill in ſuch Myſt'ries was (deep,
And who conſtantly fed 'em both awake and aſleep,
By the Means of a Shirt full as black as a Coal,
And by what 't had given Birth to, could very nigh (crawl,

Good Miſtreſs, you've nothing to do, but go hence,
To be freed from the Creatures which give you Offence;
For if you but ſhift you, 'tis twenty to one
But every Creeper troops off, and is gone.

When away went the Matron, and did as he ſaid,
But tho' ſhe loſt ſome, a Majority ſtay'd,
That grew to Increaſe, and engender again in
All the Cloths ſhe left on, both her Woollen and (Linnen;
Which made her outragious, and looſen her Garters,
To pull off her Stockings, that gave 'em good Quar- (ters;
But that would not do, ſtill they kept their Abode,
While ſhe had her Stays on, or Gown, or her Commode.

Woes me, cry'd the Female, *what muſt I do next?*
The more I pull off, ſtill the more I'm perplext.
Oh! that's a Miſtake, ſaid a Wench that ſtood by,
For none has a better Expedient than I;
Off at once with your Stays, and your Headcloths, and Gown,
That all that hang on 'em, may burn or may drown;
For if others are put on but ſpick and ſpan new,
Not a Louſe will come near 'em, or be in your View.

The Woman conſider'd, and paus'd on the Matter,
For fear ſome ill Accident might happen after;
And when ſhe had her *old Equipage* loſt,
The new ones might harbour more Lice, to her Coſt:

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At last she took Heart, and resolving to do't,
Was as clean as a Penny from her Head to her Foot.

Advice to the ———

O——! think, thou poor unhappy ——
How thou'rt surrounded by a vile Board of (Men;
Rebels to Monarchy, sworn Foes to God;
Serpents and Vipers that would drink thy Blood;
Whose Principles took off thy G——fire's Head,
And from whose Rage thy unhappy Father fled,
Forc'd in a foreign Land to beg his Bread.
And can'st thou warm these Snakes within thy (Breasts?
Are they alone to be with thy Favours blest?
Sure thou forget'st the former Hate they show'd
To thee thy self, as well as all thy Blood:
With what Derision they thy Person scorn'd;
How with thy Name their Satyrs were adorn'd:
Or do'st thou vainly think, by Acts of Love,
The Hearts of these thy Enemies do move?
Ah! thou mistak'st, they're ne'er to be oblig'd,
Sun-shine does only give their Strings an Edge.
This fatal Truth thy Royal Uncle found,
Who all their Hopes with highest Favours crown'd;
Forgave their Punishment to Law they ow'd,
And in a thousand Ways his Mercy show'd;
Yet all in vain; still with obdurate Hate,
And restless Malice, they embroil'd his State;
Strove by unheard of Plots, his Life to gain,
And with eternal Discord fill'd his Reign.
Awake then, —— and exert the ———
Show 'em thou'rt fit to be a Sovereign;
Discard the impious Race, whose Threats defy.
Thy m——ck Pow'r, and mock thy M———y:
Who,

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Who thy hereditary Right dethrone,
And make thee a mere Puppet of their own,
At Will to ſet up, or be taken down:
Who, to diſpute thy lawful Orders, dare,
And judge for thee who ſhall thy Favours ſhare.
Not ſo they dar'd, when Great *Eliza*'s Hand
The Scepter of theſe Kingdoms did command:
If her juſt Will a Subject diſobey'd,
She bravely ſtruck the Rebel-Traytor dead.
Oh! that thou would'ſt her glorious Footſteps tread,
Then might'ſt thou ſave thy now devoted ——
Love, Mercy, Goodneſs, Piety, are thine,
Thou want'ſt but Courage, and thou'rt all divine;
Fear not, whole Myriads in thy Cauſe will join.

Britiſh *Loyalty diſplay'd:*

OR,

The Church in Glory.

WHat a Pox ails the *W—s*, thus to trouble our (Peace,
For the Crew from *Rebellion* here never would ceaſe.
'Tis true, whilſt great *ANNA* in Glory does reign,
The Rights of our *Church* ſhe will ever maintain.
The true *Chriſtian Church* ſhe will always defend,
And to the Religious will prove a true Friend.
But yet our baſe Foes can't let us alone,
For they long'd for the Faction of damn'd *Forty-One.*
How now, my L—d *W*——! How came it about,
That you of *S*———*ll*'s Doctrine ſhou'd doubt?
O! the Pennacle's high where *Bow-Bells* do ring,
Here's a Health to *S*———*ll*, and God bleſs the (Queen.
We'll

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We'll ſing and carouſe, and we'll heartily pray,
That the *CHURCH* may ſtand firm, fore'er and a (Day.
We'll join theſe three Perſons, we'll put them in one,
For they're true to *Old England*, and true to the (Crown.
So grant we may ſhun the unfortunate Fate,
Of murdering Monarchs in ſad *Forty-Eight*.
Then let the *D——ters* unto us give Ear,
For the *Church* loves the *Queen*, and the *Church* is (her Care.

FINIS.

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A COLLECTION OF POEMS, &c.

The Seven Extinguiſhers.

THE *Calve's-Head Brawny C*—— leads the Van,
Deſcended from a *Cameronian* Clan;
Out of whoſe loweſt Dregs he baſely ſprung,
Gifted with all the *Frauds* of *Heart* and *Tongue*;
And ſworn, like Infant *Hannibal*, to bear
Eternal Hatred to the *Roman* Chair;
As *he*, in Life's moſt inauſpicious Dawn,
Renounc'd the *M*——*r*, and abjur'd the *L*——;
Tho' ſome Years ſince, the *M*——*r* broke his Oath,
And lives a *Burning Se*———*l* to 'em both.
If thoſe the worſt of Characters deſerve,
That from the ſacred Office meanly ſwerve,
And to the beſt of Churches give Offence,
Falſe to their *God*, their *Maſter*, and their *Prince*.
A *Quack-Divine* this *motly P*——— ſucceeds,
That more of *Galen*, than the *Bible*, reads;
That *Herbs* and *Plants*, inſtead of *Texts*, purſues,
A *Goſſip* for *Preſcriptions*, and for *News*;

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As *he*, from Houſe to Houſe, for *Patients* ſtroles,
And kills their Bodies, who ſhould ſave their Souls;
While *he* the Tide of Contradiction ſtems,
By preaching up the *Doctrines* he condemns;
And for a *new Tranſlation* in his Eye,
Takes part with ſuch as *Goſpel-Truths* decry.
Room for a *Third*, who *Nature's Law* has taught,
And Orthodox Opinions held and wrote;
Tho' againſt *Nature* now we ſee him err,
By chooſing Schemes *Republicans* prefer;
Which *Diſobedience* to their Princes teach,
And thoſe that urge Allegiance home, *impeach*.
Oh! let not our Diſgrace in *Gath* be told,
Nor *Askalon* its dire Remembrance hold;
From *Gallick* Ears, th' important Truth detain,
And far be our Ingratitude from *Spain*;
Leſt *Philiſtines* (triumphant in our Shame)
Laugh at our *Factions*, and our *Feuds* proclaim;
Leſt *Britain's* Foe deride our civil Broils,
And Joy to ſee us *caught* in one another's *Toils!*
As *he* votes for *Reſiſtance* to the Queen,
To ſide with the *Aſſertions* of his D——n;
Who even *Royal Murther* dares applaud,
If *Kings* will not be by their *Subjects* aw'd:
A *P——ſt* that has to *Fr——n's Stall a Right*;
Tho' *C——'s* no *Succeſſor* for *White*.
Like *him*, the *Fourth Euſebia's* Cauſe forſakes,
And Speeches in Defence of *Calvin* makes;
A two Face P——, whoſe erected Look,
Might well become the *Croſier* and the *Crook*,
Had *he* not lately in Defence aroſe
Of *Tenets*, which the *Hierarchy* oppoſe,
And made ſam'd *Alma Mater* bluſh to own
That ſhe had ſuch a *Father* of a *Son*;
Faithleſs, when *Int'reſt* bids him ſhift the Scene,
And juſt as good a B—— as a D——n.
The *Fifth*, with ſanctimonious Viſage, draws
Plans, to uphold the Breach of ancient Laws;

Whole

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Whole Volumes againſt *Att*———*ry* writes;
Juſt ſo the Serpent, when the File ſhe Bites,
And, as ſhe bleeds herſelf, in t'other's Blood delights!
Strange Madneſs! in ſome *Writings* to maintain,
That a late King *unlimited* ſhould reign;
Should have no *Convocation* for his Guide,
But ſet its Meeting and its Uſe aſide;
Whene'er that *Favo'rite Monarch* thought it fit,
Religion to *State-Reaſons* ſhould ſubmit;
And to lay down in *others*, that a Prince
Should not be *abſolute* in any Senſe,
As *he* admits the *People* to reſiſt,
And Subjects to commit what Subjects liſt;
Even when a rightful Princeſs fills the Throne
By *God*'s (and not the *People*'s) Voice, her own;
And does ſuch Wonders for her Kingdoms ſake;
Sure he muſt be aſleep, and not awake!
The *Sixth* demurely tells the M——d B——,
He's neither fam'd for Merit or for Senſe;
Yet he muſt hold, and own it on occaſion,
That he that ſpeaks againſt the *Toleration*,
Acts moſt *intolerably* by the Nation.
For how ſhould ſuch as *he*, for *Truth*, aſſert,
That Subjects from their Duty may depart?
May with *coercive Power* the *Throne* environ,
And rule their lawful King with Rods of Iron?
If Men ſhould other Arguments eſpouſe,
And he not ſpeak his Mind in *S*—— *Houſe!*
'Tis true, the *firſt Aſſertion* we admit,
And own the P—— void of *Worth* and *Wit*,
Hold with him, that he's for a B———k unfit;
But muſt remind him with as grave an Air,
Such Doctrines ill become the ſacred Ch——r,
Leſt what ſome *Revolutions* bring about,
Should turn an undeſerving B—— out,
And People may be giv'n to underſtand,
That he not *taught*, but learnt from *S*——.

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The *Sev'nth*, by far more modeſt than the reſt,
Has kept his Arguments within his Breaſt;
Not vented 'em thro' Country, and thro' Town,
To ſhame the *Clergy*, and diſgrace the *Gown*:
As *he* St. *Auſtin*'s Precepts has obſerv'd,
Not to make others ſwerve from *Truths* he ſwerv'd;
Not, but that his Voice has equally been giv'n,
To oppoſe and contradict the Voice of Heav'n;
And run down Maxims uncontеſted long,
That *Princes cannot err*, or *Kings do wrong*:
As *he* with others, too obſervant, joins
To bring about *Republican* Deſigns;
And *Par-blind*, in his Country's Cauſe forbears
To ſee thro' their Pretenſions and their Snares,
As in the *C*——'s Fall, *his* Fall muſt follow hers.

Oh! whither is the Church's Genius fled,
That reign'd when *Sancroft* rul'd it as its Head!
When *Ken*, like *Moſes*, to *God*'s Will reſign'd,
Kept it unſhaken by the *Waves* and *Wind!*
When *Lake*, when *Turner*, and when *Frampton* ſtrove,
Who ſhould the moſt diſplay paternal Love;
And by a ſtedfaſt Honeſty, declare
Their ſpotleſs Duty, and unweary'd Care!
Alas! its Beams are loſt in endleſs Night,
And *Faction*'s baleful Damps *extinguiſh Goſpel-Light!*

A Receipt to dreſs a Parſon *after the neweſt Faſhion; ſaid to be laid under Sir* P—K—*'s Plate at a publick Entertainment, inſtead of a Bill of Fare.*

WHen you have a fat Parſon that's fleſhy and new,
For plain commom Stomachs, bare * *Roaſt-*
(*ing* will do.

---

* *The Mob-Cry of the Party.*

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But

But then for the Palate of ſome ſqueamiſh Members,
You muſt griddle or † *broil* him on Juniper Embers;
And in order to make it more eaſily to paſs,
You muſt cut him and ſlaſh him firſt at the ‖ *Cart's* (*Arſe.*

If any one ſtill is more curiouſly fed,
The Height of the Mode is to * *boil him in Lead*;
And if you'll have ev'ry Thing anſwer Deſire,
With the Bible and Homilies make up the Fire.
When thus you have done, and are ready to ſup,
With Sippets of Whigs you muſt ſtrait diſh him up:
But ſtill, after all your Care in the Dreſſing,
Be ſure get a Pair of *L*—n-Sleeves to crave Bleſſing;
And when you have done, without finding Fault,
Eat him up piping hot with Pepper or Salt;
If he doth not ſet eaſy, without any Queſtion,
A Dram of † *Geneva* may help the Digeſtion.
Note bene, however, that when he is ſlic'd,
And ſalten, and beaten, and pepper'd, and ſpic'd,
As the wiſer *Italians* of Cucumbers ſay,
You had beſt, after all, to throw him away;
For 't'as lately been try'd, on a certain Occaſion,
By moſt of the Can——ls of the whole Nation,
Dreſs him never ſo long, to make him the more fit,
He'll ride on your Stomach, and give you a Surfeit;
For tho' a whole Month they have taken to cook him,
Before he's digeſted, 'tis thought, he will choak 'em.

† *Sir* Stephen Le——d's *Sayings.*
‖ *Mr.* Buſ—n's *Saying.*
* *A* Devonſhire *Whig's Saying.*
† *A Spirit which the Soldiers in* Flanders *drink, inſtead of Brandy.*

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A Copy of Verſes, written in a Common-Prayer-Book, *preſented to a Lady in* 1644. *upon her building a* Cloſet *for her Books.*

SInce it has lately pleas'd our new-born State,
The *Common-Prayer-Book* t' excommunicate,
To turn it out of all, as if it were
Some grand *Malignant*, or ſome *Cavalier*;
Since in our *Churches* 'tis by them forbid
To ſay ſuch *Pray'rs* as our *Fore-fathers* did,
So that *God's Houſe* muſt now be call'd no more
The Houſe of Pray'r, tho' e'er ſo call'd before;
As if theſe Chriſtians were reſolv'd to uſe
That *Houſe* for *Merchandize*, or *publick Stews*,
Worſe than their Anceſtors the *ſtiff-neck'd Jews*.
Since that of Pray'r 's of *Chriſt* may now be ſaid,
It wants a Place whereon to lay its Head;
I can't but chooſe t' admire your pious Care
To build your *Cloſet* for diſtreſſed *Pray'r*;
Which here in mourning Clad, preſents it ſelf,
Begging ſome little *Corner* on your *Shelf*;
For ſince 'tis baniſh'd from all publick View,
There's none dare entertain't but ſuch as you.
How Times and Men are chang'd! Who would (have thought
To've ſeen our *Seruice-Book* thus ſet at nought?
A Book worth Gold, if rightly underſtood,
Compos'd by *Martyrs*, ſealed with their *Blood*;
Once burnt by *Papiſts*, for no other Cauſe,
But that it was repugnant to their Laws;
Now by the *Zealots* 'tis condemn'd to die,
Becauſe, forſooth, they think it *Popery*.
Thus then we ſee the Golden Mean deſpis'd,
And how 'twixt *Thieves*, like *Chriſt*, 'tis *crucify'd*:
Yet ceaſe to wonder, we ſee ſtranger Things,
Kings are the *Subjects*, and the *Subjects Kings*.

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The

The meaneſt Sort, alas! uſurp their Pow'r,
And th' *Upper Houſe* is now beneath the *Low'r*;
The Head beneath the Feet; they wear the *Crown*,
And thus we ſee the World turn'd upſide down.
Now Learning does give Place to Ignorance,
And Statute-Laws to each wild Ordinance;
Religion to prophane, Rites, Vain-glory,
The Common-Pray'r-Book to a Directory.
No Man dares preach againſt Rebellion now;
Nor can we pray as we were wont to do.
All Things are in Diſorder, and I fear
Are like to be, 'till we be as we were;
'Till *Kings* be *Kings* once more, and 'till we ſee
The Church enjoy her ancient Liberty;
'Till Biſhops do return to end this Stir
'Twixt th' *Independent* and the *Preſbyter*;
'Till Loyalty be had in more Regard,
And 'till Rebellion have its juſt Reward.
And that theſe Times ſhall come, we'll not deſpair;
For this and more may be obtain'd by Pray'r.

A Copy of Verſes in Anſwer to N. F. G. *Gent.*

To the Tune of Packington's Pound.

YE *Vicars*, and *Curates*, and *Lecturers* all,
Make Haſte, and repair unto *Weſtminſter-hall*;
For there you may hear, ev'ry one if you will,
No Tryal at Bar, but a Tryal of Skill;
For Low-Church and High,
Their Strength are to try,
Where Queen, Lords, and Commons are all to be by.
O! *'Chev'rell*, O! *'Chev'rell*, 'tis all long of thee,
Thou'dſt better be hang'd upon the tripple Tree.
For *'Chev'rell* of *Southwark* a Sermon has preach'd,
For which he now ſtands by the Commons impeach'd,

'Cauſe it was ſuſpected his Sermon was meant
Againſt our good Queen, and her good Government;
Which if it appears
Before our wiſe Peers,
'Tis thought he can ſcarcely eſcape with his Ears.
O! *'Chev'rell*, O! *'Chev'rell*, 'twere better for thee,
That thou had'ſt been hang'd upon the tripple Tree.
It now may be found, that ſome Notions and Words
May paſs the Lord's Houſe, but not the Houſe of Lords.
Your Prieſt-riding Doctrine is quite out of Date,
Tho' early you learnt it, you teach it too late;
And mark what I cry,
Ye Church-men that fly,
The lower you fall, ſtill the more you'll mount high.
O! *'Chev'rell*, O! *'Chev'rell*, 'twere better for thee,
That thou had'ſt been hang'd upon the tripple Tree.
But look what a Change of Affairs is here come,
Which ſhows us ſome Men are much frailer than ſome;
His Judges, 'tis true, have the Criminal caſt,
But then, what a Sentence d'ye think they have paſt?
For ſtrangely inclin'd
To condemn, yet be kind,
Their Puniſhment's lame, as their Juſtice is blind.
O! *'Chev'rell*, O! *'Chev'rell*, 'twere better for thee,
If thou had'ſt been hang'd upon the tripple Tree.
His Cure is turn'd *Sine Cure* for his Offence,
With nothing to do but to pick up the good Pence;
Wherefore, 'tis believ'd, when he preaches next,
He'll take ſpecial Care not to alter his Text.
Tho' in Perils was he,
As much as might be,
Yet by ſome falſe Brethren he quite was ſet free.
O! *'Chev'rell*, O! *'Chev'rell*, 'twere better for thee,
If thou had'ſt been hang'd upon the tripple Tree.
Ye *Vicars*, and *Curates*, and *Lecturers* all,
May go back again now from *Weſtminſter-hall*,
Sedition preach up, at the Government rail,
No Danger ſhall follow your ill-temper'd Zeal;

For

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For far from discarded,
You shall be rewarded.
And God knows by whom, be at length much regarded.
O! *'Chev'rell*, O! *'Chev'rell*, 'twere better for thee,
If thou had'st been hang'd upon the tripple Tree.

A late Dialogue *between Dr.* Burgess, *and* Daniel d'Foe, *in a Cyder-Cellar near* Billingsgate, *concerning the Times.*

QUoth *Daniel* the Doctor, to *Daniel d' Foe*,
I pray, Brother, tell me how Matters do go,
And which gets the better, the High or the Low?
Dan. In Troth I can't tell, but fearfully doubt
The Devil will have it, we all must turn out;
One Friend we have lost that stuck closely to us,
And the fatal *Remove* may help to undo us.
Dr. Avert it, good Heaven, for what will become (on's,
If the Heads of our *Party* be brought to the Summons?
If a Parliament high should fall to impeaching,
Dan. Then farewel short *Cloaks*, and *extempore* (Preaching;
Thy Neck and mine, — *Dr.* must come to the Stretch,
And for opposing of *Jack*, *Dan.* be punish'd by *Ketch*.
No more *Calves-head-Clubs* shall meet at the *Proctor's*,
No more *Sequestration*, nor *roasting* of Doctors,
I confess 'twas a very untowardly Hit,
That twenty such * *Cooks* should be beat with the Spit.
Dr. Well, let's not despair, I'll *preach*. *Dan.* And (I'll *write*,
But the Devil a Jot will they edify by't;
For all I can say, their Reason controuls
No more, than your *preaching* does Good to their Souls.

* *The Managers.*

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Addreſſes run on in ſuch *high-flying* Fits,
That at laſt they have run themſelves out of their (*Wits*;
Hereditary Right to uphold and diſpute,
Which I have ſet 'em to *prove*, but find they can't do't.
Prerogative Royal they reſolve to ſupport,
And want a new Houſe to make a new Court.
Now who, in their Senſes, can tell what they mean,
But to ruin the Nation, and banter the Queen?
Republican Principles all do renounce,
And ſo— *Dr.* the *old Cauſe* — *Dan.* is blaſted at once.
Dr. How are we in Number? *Dan.* That's hard (to be told;
The Champions that ſtood it ſo brave, and ſo bold,
Their *Spirits* are ſunk, and their *Zeal* is grown cold.
Dr. I fear the late Tryal, — *Dan.* has ruin'd (us quite,
The Doctor's *Come-off* was a damnable Bite.
Dr. Had he been hang'd, *Dan.* then all had (right.
Dr. Pray what do they ſay o' th' *Occaſional Bill*?
Will't come on again? *Dan.* 'Tis doubted it will.
Dr. Why then we're undone. — But ſure our good (Queen
By no ill Advice can be ſo overſeen,
T' oppreſs tender Conſciences; for that's perſecuting
The Saints of the Lord, beyond all diſputing;
If a holy Brother, of any Perſwaſion,
Can't ſtretch his Conſcience to ſerve an *Occaſion*,
Nor obtain of her *Majeſty* ſuch a ſmall *Grace*
As the damning his *Soul*, to get him a Place.
Dan. You ſay very right, for 'tis an *evil* Intent
To force us to *Heaven* againſt our Conſent;
And if the broad Way we had rather purſue,
Why ſhould the Devil be wrong'd of his *Due*?
Come, here's a good Health to all of our Party,
The *Biſhops*, and others. *Dr.* I thank ye moſt heart'ly,
Dan.

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Dan. Let the reſt take their Swing, as Time ſhall (allot 'em,
And ev'ry Tub ſtand on its own Bottom.

A Ballad on the Junto.

To the Tune of Lilly Bullero.

NOW *Britains* mourn,
Your Liberty torn,
Now *J*——*y* the Trickſter grave *S*——*rs* has won,
To aſſiſt a Great *D*————*ſs*,
Some believe that a Witch is,
To govern three Realms with Arms and Advices
Of *Volpone*, *Volpone*, *Ch*——*l*, and *Or*——*d*,
L——*on*, *H*——*f*—*x*, *W*——*n*, and *S*————
Volpone, *Volpone*, &c.
Tho' by the Q—n ſhe was rais'd
Of Honour, tho' once but a Maid,
Yet ſhe baſely her Miſtreſs and Church has betray'd;
For which I don't fear
To ſee her hoiſt in the Air,
With a Curſe in her Mouth, inſtead of a Pray'r,
Oh! *Volpone*, *Volpone*, &c.
C——*ry* his Grace,
With dull Writ in his Face,
Muſt certainly have amongſt them a Place,
Or Low-flying Church
Will be left in the Lurch,
By ſuch damn'd Protectors of Puritan Race
As *Volpone*, *Volpone*, &c.
The T——r then
Money muſt ſend
To Great ———— our Towns to defend.
Inſtead of fighting the *French*,
Our Men lie in a Trench,

And

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And who but Great ——— that ſcrapes up the Pence,
With *Volpone, Volpone*, &c.
While the Juntilio-Board,
With the true loyal Lords,
Will now be impeach'd, and hang'd up with Cords,
For daring to oppoſe
The Q——'s real Foes,
Who then uncontroul'd may ſell or depoſe,
With *Volpone, Volpone*, &c.
I'd like to have forgot
The Mob of the Plot,
Lady *Will.* leud *H——t*, and *S——ſ—ld* the *Scot*:
Are not theſe able Pates,
Having ſold once a State,
To think to controul of three Realms the Fate,
With *Volpone, Volpone*, &c.
Perkin ne'er will deſpair,
If *France* Money can ſpare,
'Till againſt all theſe Vipers our Q—— will declare.
Then *Lewis le Grand*
Will be put to a Stand,
To find ſuch Tools and Knaves all over the Land,
As *Volpone, L——on, S——s*, and *D——r*,
S——ſ—ld, S——d, W——n, and *H——d*.

The Ghoſt's Admonition to the M——g——rs.

BEhold, we are come from gloomy Shades below
To viſit you, and for to let you know
The ſad Diſaſters we have undergone,
Since laſt we parted at the *riſing Sun*.
'Twas there, you know, we undertook the Thing
To make *Cabalia* once above the Q——
The *Church* we doubted not to ruin too.
But that, it ſeems, does overcome its Foe;
And, I'm afraid, 'twill ruin you alſo.
Repent,

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Repent, I ſay, before it is too late,
Leaſt Vengeance overtake you in the State:
'Tis not your being Great, or Chief, will do,
If Death but ſummons, you muſt alſo go,
And leave behind you all your greateſt Glory:
Repent in time, I ſay, it is beſt for ye.
There's many more are waiting, I do ſay,
For Honours great, ſo pompous and ſo gay;
But let me tell 'em, when they have got all,
Glory nor Riches will ſave you from a Fall;
Remember us, I'm ſure it is not long
Since we were courted by the Wh——ſh Throng,
But now, 'tis true, the Dead we are among.
The Almighty's Hand is viſible, 'tis clear,
Upon two Roaſters and two *M—g—rs*;
Who would have thought ſuch jolly Men as we,
Should die ſo ſoon? you ſee 'tis Heaven's Decree
Muſt be obey'd; and what is alſo true,
You all muſt follow in a Day or two;
Avoid thoſe Torments we do undergo,
We are not roaſted without baſting too:
Fire enough we cannot want, while here,
And Cups of Sulphur is our nobleſt Chear;
No dainty Pullets crammed are with Gold,
Nor Lap-Trunks, which do many Guineas hold;
You won't find here, as you have done above;
All ſuch Temptations from us are remov'd;
And what does plague us, is *Sachever ell*,
The Thoughts of him torments our Souls in H—ll;
Oh! that we had but overcome that Foe,
We could endure our Torments Top to Toe;
But lack of this, it plagues us to the Soul,
While we in Flames of burning Brimſtone roul.
All this is nothing we would undergo,
Salting, Pickling, Baking, and Roaſting too,
If once the *Wh—s* could overcome this Foe.
We are toſs'd and tumbl'd up and down again,
And down and up, we ſigh, alas! in vain.

Surely

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Surely by this you will avoid our Fate,
All we can't tell, repent ere't be too late;
May you eſcape, and eternally be free
From all ſuch Plagues and endleſs Miſery;
But hark, methinks we hear our Sentinel
Patrouling round our Stegion Lake of H—ll;
If he ſhould take us, we are all undone,
He may invent new Torments for each one;
Let us with-draw, we muſt retire in haſt,
Farewel, dear Friends, no Minutes loſe or waſt.
Thus down into our gloomy Orb we go,
Behold what we have got by ruining a Foe,
Eternal Miſery, and *endleſs Woe*.

A Litany for the Faſt.

FROM Merit unweildy, and overgrown Worth;
From ſuch Honours and Loyalty, Faith, and ſo (forth,
As three Princes betray'd, and now bullies the fourth,
Libera nos, Domine.
From Duty that is ſuch a Rarity thought,
That while Honour and Conſcience, not worth a (Groat,
This at the Price of a Houſe and Crown-Lands muſt (be bought,
Libera nos, &c.
From who keeps the vacant Commiſſions ſix Months,
Of Colonels and Captains, Premiers, and Seconds;
And oh! terrible thus is an Army at once,
Libera nos, &c.
From a Peace to be manag'd by ſuch Plenipo's
As thereby forty thouſand *per Annum* muſt loſe,
And who has no Paſſion for Money, God knows,
Libera nos, &c.

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From

From the Cauſe of a Court, and the Spawn of a Bawd;
From Malice and Faction, Pride, Envy, and Fraud;
From a Cloven-Foot veil'd with a Petticoat-Lord,
Libera nos, &c.

From the Peſt of a State, a Club-ridden Knave,
Who a Nation does with their own Money enſlave,
And has damn'd more than thou in thy Juſtice can (ſave,
Libera nos, &c.

From tremendous Cabals, that do fatally riſe;
From enlightning Cuſtard and hot *Mutton-Pyes*,
To bubble the *State*, and bully the *Skies*,
Libera nos, &c.

From ſuch Civil Law as inſults Holy Writ;
From the Number where Faction contracted does ſit,
Into five; that's two Fools, two Knaves, and a Wit,
Libera nos, &c.

From a People too good to be told of their Faults;
From an H—d of a City, whoſe *Word* goes for nought,
Who'll endeavour to ſave St. *Paul* s-work, 'tis thought,
Libera nos, &c.

A Tale of a Tarr.

A new Ballad.

1.

A Tight and trim Veſſel
As ever ye knew,
Was mann'd Stem and Stern
With a truſty ſtout Crew.

2.

The Captain was held
By his Lads in Eſteem;
And he, honeſt Man,
Was as tender of them.

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3.

No fatal Miſtruſtings
Aboard 'em prevail'd;
In Concord they anchor'd,
In Concord they ſail'd:

4.

'Till a turbulent Tarr,
As at Yard-arm need hang,
In Ill-will to the Captain,
Dumbfounded the Gang:

5.

Suggeſting from Round-top,
With Nonſenſe and Anger,
That, beſet by falſe Friends,
The Ship was in Danger.

6.

Tho' but few Days before,
On Deck they'd been told,
The next Tool who ſaid ſo,
Should be ſurely Keel-haul'd.

7.

Now, the Cauſe ye muſt know
Of all this loud Pudder,
Was to work in ſome Folks
To Poſts at the Rudder;

8.

Who might, by that Means,
Their whole Aim being for't,
More inſenſibly tack
To the Enemy's Port;

9.

Where lurks a Pretender,
Prepar'd to their Hand,
To toſs o'er-board the Captain,
And ſeize the Command.

10.

So that true-hearted Sailors
Should be the more ready,

By

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By a careful look-out,
To keep Matters ſteaddy.

11.

This Delinquent o' courſe then
Was brought to the Maſt,
To fix, or wipe off
All the Dirt he had caſt:

12.

Where, with confident Look,
To ſave his dear Bacon,
He call'd God to witneſs
They all were miſtaken;

13.

That the falſe Friends he meant,
Either 'fore Ship or aft,
Were the Winds and the Waves;
And then ſaucily laught.

14.

This Jeſuit Banter
Amuſing the Crew,
In the Captain's own Face
They with Mutiny flew:

15.

Joining *Tarr*'s Health, and his,
In their ſcandalous Flip,
And firing Broad-ſides
Around the poor Ship.

16.

Unmerited Grace,
Tho' condemn'd, he thus had;
The few Wiſe ſhook their Heads,
More Blockheads huzza'd.

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On the Sentence paſſed by the Houſe of Lords, on Dr. Sacheverell.

HAil, pious Days! thou moſt propitious Time,
When hated Moderation was a Crime;
When ſniv'ling Saints were cropt for Look of Grace,
And branded for a Conventicle Face.
Whole Floods of Gore diſtain'd the guilty Years,
Noſes ragou'd, and Fricaſies of Ears:
When rampant *Laud* the Church's Thunder threw,
His ſacred Fury no Diſtinction knew:
The People ſuffer'd, and the Prieſthood too.

But now behold the bright inverted Scene,
Mercy returns in a forgiving Queen:
Her Senate's Anger burns in milder Fires,
Proud of that Clemency which ſhe inſpires.
Calmly they try their Enemy profeſt,
And tho' they damn the Doctrine, ſave the Prieſt;
On the deluded Tool look mildly down,
And ſpare the factious Pedant for the Gown.
So when in ſullen State, by Peaſants bound,
The gen'rous Lyon walks his thoughtful Round;
Should ſome ſmall Cur his Privacy invade,
And croſs the Circle which his Paws had made;
Fir'd with Diſdain, he hurls his Eyes below,
But loath to grapple with ſo mean a Foe;
Beſtrides him, ſhiv'ring with inglorious Fear,
And piſſes on the Wretch he ſcorns to tear.

On

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On the high-flying Addreſſers.

Nunquam ſera eſt, &c.
'Tis never too late to grow wiſer.

1.

YOU *Tories* now no longer Conſcience plead,
Your vile *Addreſſing* ſtands much more in need
Of Pardon from that Pow'r y' abhor and dread.

2.

'Tis 'gainſt the *Whigs* you bend your flagrant Spight,
Your *Jus divin'*, *hereditary Right*;
For the Devil you mean the *Ha——r* Succeſſion by't.

3.

Yet to the *Queen* of *Non-Reſiſtance* boaſt;
But what by truſting to't her Father loſt,
He knew to your Shame, and dearly to his Coſt.

4.

And could you once (which Heav'n grant ne'er may be)
But on the Throne your dear *Pretender* ſee,
How would you tack about your Loyalty?

5.

You'd then huzza him as true Heir by Blood,
In all *Addreſſes* ſwear you underſtood
Him only, and not *Anne*, —— *by all that's good.*

6.

This has been *Trickſter*'s and *Sach——rell*'s Aim,
To hallow the Mob to play their traitorous Game;
And if it not ſucceeds, ——
To hang for thoſe who moſt deſerve that Shame.

Good

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Good Advice, if rightly taken.

A Ballad.

WHAT ſtrange *Confus'on* at this Time
Throughout the *Realm* is ſeen,
And ſpread about in Proſe and Rhime,
God ſave our gracious *Queen*,
And ſend that we may once agree,
Before it be too late,
Leſt it do bring in Jeopardy
The *Church*, as well as *State!*
Good People all therefore take Care,
From *Heats* and *Malice* ceaſe;
And do not, by domeſtick War,
Obſtruct the *wiſh'd for Peace*.
But if ye'd have the *common Foe*
All *Europe* to enthral,
Go madly on, *as now ye do*,
And help the *faithleſs Gaul*.
For though our Troops break through *French Lines*,
And oft their Armies beat;
If we ceaſe not our *Strife* betimes,
We ſhall our ſelves defeat;
For who can empty Notions frame,
That he will tamely ſtand,
And not play out that *winning Game*
We *deal* into his Hand.
If ever happy Days ye'd ſee,
And *Liberty* enjoy,
Unite againſt the *Enemy*,
And don't *your ſelves* deſtroy
By *in-bred Jars*, under Pretence
The *Church* is ſore oppreſt,
Since ev'ry Man of common Senſe
Knows that is but a Jeſt.

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What is't can hurt the *Church*, I trow,
When ſhe has ſuch a Head
As pious *Anna*, who, we know,
Was in her *Boſom* bred,
And will ſupport thoſe *lawful Rights*
Which to her appertain,
In ſpight of all thoſe *reſtleſs Wights*,
Who'd cramp her happy *Reign*.

Seaſonable Advice.

Britons, take Care, before it be too late,
The *Torrent* ſtop which may o'erwhelm the *State*;
For tho' the aſpiring *Gaul* is now brought low,
You may, by *home-bred Jars*, your ſelves undo.
Annals do tell the Pow'r of ancient *Rome*,
And Victories by thoſe of *Carthage* won;
Yet did *domeſtick Feuds* the *laſt* expoſe
To conqu'ring *Rome*, and *Rome* herſelf to Foes.
Beware then, *Alb'on*, once, at leaſt, be wiſe,
Prevent, in Time, thoſe *Ills* which muſt ariſe
From moſt unnat'ral *Striſe* and *Jealouſies*.
When *Sands* or *Shelves* to *Pilots* do appear,
They from the Danger do their *Veſſels* ſteer;
And who's ſo blind, that cannot plainly ſee
Thoſe *Rocks* to ſhun, which threaten *Liberty*?
It is not yet full two and twenty Years,
Since *courted Revolution* calm'd your Fears;
And can ungrateful Men ſo ſoon deſpiſe
The Cauſe from whence their *Welfare* did ariſe?

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The Whigs Idol:

OR,

The new-fashion'd Loyalty.

WHEN cruel *Nero* over *Rome* bore Sway,
To him the Christians did Obedience pay;
Tho' he was cruel, yet they did all choose
Their Goods, their Lives, whate'er they had to lose,
Rather than lift their Hands against the King,
Or to his Foes the least Assistance bring.
They knew the Gospel gave a strict Command
'Gainst God's Anointed not to lift a Hand:
Had not the Lord commanded it, 'tis plain,
They'd not have tamely seen their Fellows slain:
Had they rais'd Arms, so numerous were they grown,
They could the Tyrant with great Ease dethrone;
Yet they chose rather to be brave and good,
And seal their Saviour's Doctrine with their Blood.
But Liberty and Property's now grown
The only Darling of the Town,
And under this Pretence, they dare rebel,
If Kings in their Opinion rule not well;
For they to him did give the ruling Place;
He's no King by God's, but by the People's Grace.
Thus, tho' a King by Birth comes to his Throne,
Yet they pretend 'tis they that give the Crown,
And think Obedience due to them alone.
The loyal Man was once accounted brave,
But now he's call'd a false perfidious Knave.
Now to be brave one must a Rebel be,
And throw aside neglected Loyalty.
Would you Preferment gain in C——h and S—e,
Use Pen and Tongue 'gainst both to write and prate;
For Loyalty is now become a Crime,
He's a Time-server does not serve the Time:

Christ's

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Chriſt's Doctrines now are wholly ſet at nought,
And, in their Room, Man's vicious Fancies taught.
They cry, St. *Paul* did never underſtand
The Conſtitution of the *Britiſh* Land;
As if the Goſpel-Precept muſt give Way,
And Truth divine muſt human Laws obey.
At this Rate, in few Years we then ſhould find
The Bible made to ſpeak each Rebel's Mind;
Like an old Suit, which has ſome Time been wore,
The Scriptures we ſhould ſee turn'd out of Door,
And this Religion be, that was a Crime before.

Horatii Epodon Septimum, Imitated.

WHAT Madneſs, *Country-men*, inſpires?
What means this Enthuſiaſtick Heat
With Wine-Off'rings, as if ſome God
Approach'd, a hot-brain'd Prieſt to meet?
Are you reſolv'd to encreaſe our Fewds,
And add new Miſchiefs to the paſt?
Perhaps your Fingers itch again
To lay more *Meeting-Houſes* waſte.
What, is the bloody Time forgot,
When *Smithfield* flow'd with *Engliſh* Blood?
Or would you, —— ſavage as you are,
Rejoyce to ſee a ſecond Flood?
Againſt the proud *Pretender* arm,
And all his num'rous Friends engage;
On thoſe who own not *Anna*'s Pow'r,
Vent all your Malice and your Rage.
'Tis *they* who would rejoyce to ſee
Such civil Broils and Diſcords riſe;
Mind not their ſmooth prevailing Words,
Under the Graſs the *Serpent* lies.
The *Tyger*, nor the cruel *Bear*,
Nor *Lyon*, on his Kind does prey;

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For

For Shame then, *Country-men*, forbear,
To act more ſavagely than *they*.
Is it true Zeal, religious Heat,
And Love to your *great Idol*, S?
Or is it *Lewis* in Diſguiſe,
Who is the curſed Cauſe of this?
Aſham'd, you all hang down your Heads,
With Guilt you all aſtoniſh'd ſtand;
Oh! that ſuch Weeds were rooted out,
And baniſh'd from our native Land.
Then would all Diſcord ceaſe, and Union ſmile,
And Peace and Plenty bleſs our *Britiſh* Iſle.

The Wolf ſtript of his Shepherd's Clothing, addreſs'd to Dr. Sacheverell.

By a Salopian *Gentleman.*

OF all the jolly Sights the Town has ſhown
Of foreign Apes and Drolls, or of her own,
Of filter'd Bullies, or of hatleſs Beaus,
With all the Civet Train of Furbelows,
Of patch'd up Madams, or of worn out Bawds,
Or conſecrated Pillories of *Lauds*,
Unjointed Vaulters, Kick-ſhaws, Jack-a-lents,
Produc'd in Streets, in Taverns, or in Tents,
There's none admir'd in all the loyal Liſt,
As is the butter'd, or the non-reſiſting Prieſt.
A Shepherd, he, until he underſtood
The only fatt'ning Food was Fleſh and Blood.
By theſe the Wolf to mighty Bulk encreas'd,
And his lean Chaps grew watry at the Feaſt,
In gormandizing Guts the greater Beaſt.
No more the Fleece ſhall for the Fleſh attone,
Our greedy Shepherd now is wiſer grown,
And *Pan* ſhall keep the harmleſs Sheep alone.

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The harmleſs Sheep, that only wiſh to ſhare
The common Benefits of vital Air,
To feed and ſport on *Ida*'s flow'ry Plain,
Refreſh'd by Heav'n's own Bounties, Sun and Rain;
At Noon to cool at ſome refreſhing Spring,
And ſweetly join Great *Pan*'s juſt Praiſe to ſing.
Great *Pan*, whoſe watchful Care at once did keep
The unſpotted Lambs, and the unguarded Sheep,
Who yield their Fleeces, and their Lives to boot,
When their juſt *Pan* ſhall call 'em forth to do't.
The Heav'n's ſmil'd, and bleſs'd with great Increaſe
Our joyful Land, Proſperity and Peace
Ran down our late bemir'd Streets at Home,
Abroad our Arms but come and overcome.
The bliſtful * Morn, like Yeſter † Noon, was clear,
Her ſweet Approach did evr'y Mortal cheer:
Aurora open'd her odoriferous Door,
And ſcatter'd Roſes o'er the Heav'nly Floor.
Great *Titan* ſets his glorious Throne on high,
And trac'd his fiery Horſes thro' the Sky;
Each weeping Flower its drooping Head did raiſe,
And op'd its Lips to kiſs his welcome Rays.
The feather'd Herd with one Conſent did wing,
In charming Notes his juſter Praiſe to ſing,
Meeting at ev'ry Grove and ev'ry Spring.
The duller human Race could ſmile to ſee
Their Vitals from the frozen Jelly free;
Determin'd in themſelves, nought could beget
A vital Spirit but a vital Heat.
Thus happy were we when this Wolf ſtept in,
And lead the hideous Herd to Blood and Sin.
For Men muſt needs grow mad, tho' none knew why,
Unleſs thro' pamp'ring Eaſe and Luxury.
So ſovereign Balms muſt needs increaſe the Sore,
And over-flowing Plenty make us poor.

* *The Beginning of Queen* Ann's *Reign.*
† *Queen* Elizabeth.

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Lately we groan'd beneath the galling Yoke,
Now Liberty and Eaſe does more provoke:
When Heaven rains Manna, 'tis we Hunger know,
Are only curs'd 'cauſe Bleſſings overflow.
Diviſions once we wiſh'd ſhould be remov'd,
Union and Concord now are leſs belov'd;
Rather than *Love* and *Charity* ſhall greet,
Our acting Hands ſhall quarrel with our Feet:
Ægyptian Bondage lately overthrown,
All Gods (ſave thoſe we make) we ſcorn to own,
Our Image only in the Calf is known.

Hail! mighty, mighty Int'reſt, doubly hail!
With Calves the Golden Calf muſt needs prevail.
'Tis like, likes like, only in this, the Gold
Is more illuſtrious, as 'tis better Mould;
And hence the God proceeds, if made of Clay,
The God's a Beaſt, tho' not ſo great as they.

Next hail the zealous Mob, for who can tell
But this admir'd Zeal may ever dwell
In this ſame zealous Crowd, and their *S——ll?*
Int'reſt, I'm ſure, will ne'er be out of Date,
As Want will ſtill attend the Profligate:
Blood-thirſty Men will ſtill delight in Blood,
And Rebels always make Rebellion good,
If Nouns and Paſſives can be underſtood.
'Tis natural, what Nature does decide,
The Doctor, and the Mob, are Nature's Pride:
The Zeal is in the Rabble ſtill, as 'twas of old,
He muſt be guilty whom their Captain ſold,
Their choſen *Barrabas* too uncontroul'd.
Great was *Diana*, then tho' no Man knew
Why they came there, nor whence their Fury grew;
All is confus'd, yet they can all agree
To damn the Guiltleſs, ſet the Guilty free:
'Twixt Beaſt and Beaſt, what Diff'rence can you find?
'Tis like, likes like, thro' all the ſavage Kind.
On this known Truth we'll then no longer dwell,
The Doctor likes the Mob, the Mob *S——ll.*

Tranſ-

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Transmiger'd Souls may of their Fate complain,
In some bemir'd Hog grunt forth their Pain,
But never, never can be free again.

Where are you all, you lewd ignoble Guests,
False Brethren, *Grindals*, *Burnets*, *Hoadleys*, *Wests!*
Of all the Sons, I know not what ye are,
Pretend to cant, and preach, and cannot curse and (swear,
Drink loyal Healths, and loyal Canto's sing,
At once pray for, and plot against the King;
Raise up the Mob, the Government to spite,
Be each Man only true, and yet a *Jacobite!*
The non-resisting Principles pursue;
You don't refuse the King, but he refuses you!
Bishops and Priests, Republicans to own
True Church, and Persecution left alone!
Non-Residences sure you'll not deny,
And can't so many Steeples raise you high?
D'ye think the Man that cannot swear, can't plot,
And can you see a Brother in a *Scot?*
Pretend to Zeal, and yet grant Liberty,
Plead Gospel rightly, and yet set Conscience free,
And Sons o'th' Church not with her Sons agree:
As Flesh, and Blood, and Soul makes up the Man,
So preaching, praying, the Republican;
So Non-Resistance teaches to resist,
Rebellion so proclaims the passive Priest.

In Infant Gods of late he took Delight,
The Prince! his daily Thoughts, his Dreams by (Night;
And mighty Anthems his perpetual Note,
To Coat of Freeze, and holy Milk of Goat.

But ah! what Stars attend the Just and Good!
This *Brittish* God not knowing what he did,
Directed merely by the Hand of Chance,
Bepiss'd his Nurse, and so was sent to *France:*
No sooner there, but we may all resist
Gods that we make, we make but as we list;

Int'rest

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Int'reſt diſſolve the Bonds, and to be ſure
There's no Obedience due to Gods that have no Pow'r.
The Teacher, and the Taught, make always two,
The loyal Non-Reſiſters, Sufferers you
By Sword in Hand, the loyal Height is known
Obedient ſtill to Kings — that are their own;
But if our Kings from Blood and Rapine keep,
Theſe are not Kings for Wolves, but Kings for Sheep.
Hence 'twas, that this inſatiate Beaſt of Prey,
Swoll'n big with Malice, in Revenge grown grey,
With poyſon'd Blood boiling thro' all his Veins,
(Of 's late Humanity without Remains)
Of all the hideous Kind, moſt noted ſtood,
With glaring Eyes, amidſt the grinning Brood,
Roaring out Blaſphemies, and bleating Blood.
Amen is eccho'd thro' the Wolfiſh Sky,
Wolves can't be ſafe, whilſt Shepherds multiply;
And mighty Herds of Wolves are henceforth ſeen,
Deſtroy the Subject, to ſecure the Queen!
Thus thoſe ſweet Beams, that with ſuch Bliſs did (flow,
Hugg'd in their Boſom the benighting Foe:
Noiſome *Effluvia* ſuck'd from ev'ry Lake,
Scum of the Earth, and like its ſelf opake.
Theſe clubb'd, and ſoon prodigious Armies form
Of teeming Clouds, our fleeting Joys to ſtorm.
The burthen'd Heavens of their Load complain,
Groaning in Thunder, weeping Show'rs of Rain;
Whilſt forked Light'ning our Amazements urge,
And Bolts red hiſſing come from *Vulcan*'s Forge.
Tumultuous Ruin now, and irkſome Night
Invades the Day, the Day ſo lately bright:
No gladſome Signs, but here and there a Ray,
That loſt its ſelf in ſeeking out the Day.
Here blaſted Blooms leave the declining Tree,
Scarcely the Leaves, nor could the Trunk be free;
Here lay a Roſe, and there a Tulip lay,
One half in balmy Sweats, the other Clay.

Th'

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Th' Almighty now in Peals of Thunder ſpake,
Fear not, my little Flock, nor me forſake;
I'll plead my Cauſe my ſelf againſt them all,
And make 'em know my Church ſhall never fall;
Againſt theſe Sots I'll whet my Arrows keen,
That thus abuſe my Mercy and my Queen.
The Wolves retire into their Dens again,
And fret, and grin, and howl, and rave in vain.
The Sun retrieves his late bewilder'd Rays,
And we enjoy our wiſh'd-for *Halcyon* Days.

An Epigram on Dan. de F——.

TO ſpeak the Truth, is criminal now,
Whilſt vilify'd by ſuch as thou;
Who haſt the Policy *of Devil*,
An Head to work the Nation's Evil;
Detatcht from *Hell*, thou did'ſt commence
Thy daring Pride and Impudence,
To ſet up for a *Moderator*,
(With thy dear Brother *Obſervator*,)
And a *Reformer*, to ſuppreſs
Intemperance, Pride, and Drunkenneſs,
Yet doſt encreaſe, not make 'em leſs;
For who'd reform his Life and Lewdneſs
By thee, the Source of Lies and Rudeneſs,
Without Commiſſion; or if thou
Haſt any, 't came from *Hell* below.
And ſure, if Honour 'tis to be
Endow'd with *belliſh Policy*,
Thou haſt enough, too much we ſee.
Whereby thou do'ſt the Croud delude,
The poor unthinking Multitude;
And ſo the modiſh Names commence,
A Man of Parts, a Man of Senſe!

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This is the Man (read it who lift)
As great a Knave as ever p——t;
Who yet, to cloak his *Knavery*,
(Still Presbyterian Policy)
Pretends to be Truth's Advocate,
Tho' none has less, than he, of that.
And so his Notions fly about,
Some entertain, some cast 'em out,
As only fit for the Rabble Rout.
He thinks he's mighty honest, when
He tells the Faults of other Men;
And rails against the Government,
For Errors in Mismanagement;
But 'tis the Effect of Discontent,
And knavish Partiality.
For those who of his Party be,
Are prais'd by him, caress't, commended,
And in their greatest Faults defended;
Whilst honest Men, and Men of Zeal,
Who've always wish'd the Nation well,
Are said to *car' on very Hell.*
His Notions of our Constitution,
And the happy Revolution,
Are false, absurb; for to impute
Resistance (any ways) unto't,
Is reflecting on the same,
And the late *King*'s glorious Name;
Who, in his publish'd *Declaration*,
Disclaimed the least Imputation
Of Resistance; but such Fools,
Such self-conceited wretched Tools,
The grand Incendaries of the Age,
Dare boldly with the Truth engage;
Despise Authorities, and charge
Their own curs'd Principles, at large
On th' *Church of England*, and derive
Their Guilt on it; and so contrive,

If

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If poſſible, its Diſſolution,
And infringe our Conſtitution.
But may Heav'n check their Impudence,
And curb their Pride and Inſolence;
Make their own Lies and Curſes, all,
To their Confuſion, on 'em fall;
And cut off their infeſtious Race,
That ſo contin'al Scenes of Peace
And Unity, may e're abound,
And our diſtreſſed Land ſurround.

The Rary-Show, lately brought from the flaming Iſle of Moderation, *all alive.*

GOOD People all, both Low and High,
Unto my Rary-ſhow draw nigh;
For 'tis a Sight, nor foul, nor pretty,
Nor long, nor ſhort, nor dull, nor witty.
It has no Beginning, and has no End;
'Tis crooked all over, yet cannot bend;
'Tis ſtrait, in a Lump, without Tail or Top;
'Tis full of all Points, yet has no Stop;
'Tis a mingle Comepur of all together,
And fitted for fair, or for foul Weather.

Gallants, walk in, and take your Places,
And ye pale Nimphs, with fiery Faces;
Within this Booth you have in view,
A black white Monſter cloath'd in blew.
He's neither wild, nor is he tame,
From *Moderation* Iſle he came.
In foreign Court he hath been ſhown
With great Applauſe, yet lik'd by none;
On Horſeback, with his Staff in Hand,
He walk'd from *Dort* to *Switzerland*;

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Did *Calvin* at *Geneve* profeſs,
And when at *Rome*, did ſay the Maſs.
No *Nazarite*, nor *Turk*, nor *Jew*;
Of ev'ry ſort that comes in view.
He holds all Creeds, and none at all;
He worſhips God, and bows to *Baal*.
With all, and none, he ſtuffs his Pack,
And carr's and brings the Devil back;
And if you'd know his Name, 'tis *G*—— *S*——*y*,
Of bending Brow, and pinking Eye;
He's neither young, nor is he old;
He bauls all Day, yet cannot ſcold;
He ſpeaks no Truth, yet tells no Lie,
He hath Reſerves for Perjury.
A Champion for the Church's Cauſe,
Yet ties her Rite to human Laws;
Poſtpones the Princes Birth divine,
And equals *Noll*'s to *Stewart*'s Line.
With Courage bold, as I have heard,
He lately took St. *I*——*l* by's Beard;
And, whatſoe'er he talk'd before,
In Pulpits, or to Courts had ſwore,
(As teaching Subjects to obey)
His *Revolution* took away.
For in a long compendious Speech,
(With which he might have wip'd his Br——h)
He Caſes and Diſtinctions found,
Which Ages paſt laid under Ground;
That if Q—— *A*—— rules not well,
Then, in ſuch Caſe, we may rebel.
Next on the *Derviſes* did fall,
And Hip and Thigh he did 'em maul;
No *Atheiſt*, *Jew*, or ſcoffing *Turk*,
But would have ſcorn'd ſo vile a Work;
Not *Julian*, nor *Calvinian* Foes,
Could more the Chriſtian Prieſts expoſe.
All this he rav'd! and more than this,
At which, they ſay, the Court did hiſs:

But

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But leaſt you doubt what's ſaid, is true,
Pray ask himſelf, he comes in view.

On Dr. Sacheverell's *Eye-water, lately printed.*

HEre is to be ſold the true Water of Light,
To open your Eyes, and to quicken your Sight;
Sacheverell's the Fountain from whence it does flow,
And diſcovers to whom our Allegiance we owe.
If you are not beſotted, 'tis plain by his Sermons,
That you ought to be paſſive to the Prince of St. *Ger-*
(mains;
Tho' you have been decoy'd by the damn'd Revo-
(lution,
To ſubmit to the W—gs, and their old Conſtitution;
Yet I hope now the Doctor has ſhew'd you your Crime,
That for Hereditary Right you'll appear, while 'tis
(time,
To atone for the Sins of your former Reſiſtance,
Or elſe you'll be damn'd without Help or Aſſiſtance:
For the great *B. B——l*, if you'll go to his School,
Has prov'd that a W——n deſerves not to rule;
Away with falſe Brethren, and falſe Siſters too,
To the Devil and his Angels, with the Schiſmatick
(Crew,
To ſee their Friend *William*, whoſe Reward was old
(*Sorrel*,
Ought to have been *dewitted*, but not crown'd with
(Lawrel.
Then old Mother Church will again be reſtor'd,
And being quite out of Danger, by all be ador'd.

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The Age of Riddles:

OR,

A true List of certain extraordinary Positions, *formerly call'd* Contradictions, *but now distinguish'd by no Names at all. Faithfully extracted from several Modern Doctrines and Practices.*

Qui Color est Albus nunc est Contrarius Albo.

I. ALL Government is overturn'd by Obedience, and establish'd by being resisted. Therefore,

II. The most eminent Instance of Loyalty, is, to condemn Subjection; and he is the greatest Rebel that preaches against Rebellion.

III. Those are a Prince's best Subjects, and most faithful Ministers, who deny his Title to the Crown before his Face; and argue against that Right which they are bound by their Office and their Oaths to defend.

IV. The worst Cause in the World ought to have the worst Managers; and those are fittest to censure other Peoples Speeches, that can't read their own.

V. A C——h must necessarily be in a safe and flourishing Condition, when B——ps explode its Doctrines, and Lawyers are forc'd to defend 'em.

VI. They that know nothing of the Laws of the Land, or act and plead in direct Opposition to 'em, either are already At—— and Sol——rs Gen——l, or ought to be made L—d Ch——f J——ces.

VII. Those are the most proper Persons to accuse others of High Crimes and Misdemeanors, who for their Speeches in that very Accusation, ought themselves to be hang'd for High Treason.

VIII.

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VIII. Ignorance, Rudeneſs, Impudence, Dulneſs, and Nonſenſe, are undoubted Proofs of Wit, Learning, and good Manners; and the moſt virulent Slander, Railing, Rage, Malice, Lying, and Injuſtice, are the trueſt Signs of Chriſtian Charity, Temper, and Moderation.

IX. When a Man is condemn'd and puniſh'd as a Criminal, his Friends ought to teſtify their Concern by Bonfires and Illuminations.

X. Thoſe are the greateſt Enemies to arbitrary Power, who, of all Mankind, beſt love to exerciſe it; and they are the moſt zealous Defenders of the Liberty and Property of their Fellow-Subjects, who are for deſtroying both, either without Law, or contrary to Law.

XI. 'Tis the Duty of the Sons of Arch-biſhops, to impeach the Church; of Biſhops, to vote a Clergyman guilty of high Crimes and Miſdemeanors, for preaching thoſe Doctrines which Chriſt and his Apoſtles, and even they themſelves have preach'd; of *Scotch* Peers, to ſave a Church of *England* Divine from Ruin; of Preſbyterians, to pull down Meeting-Houſes; of Governors, to encourage the Principles of Diſobedience; and of the Mob, to rebel in Defence of Loyalty.

We have got at laſt, when no Body thought it.

CErtainly never did the *moderate Party* more ſtrive to abuſe and deſtroy the High-C———h, than they did at the late Tryal of Dr. *Sacheverell*; and yet, though they ſpit their Venom, and wrack their very Souls for Inventions and Lies to blacken them, and, as it were, to ruin their Credits and Reputations to all Intents and Purpoſes, *yet, High-C———h has got it at laſt*,

But

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But leaſt you may perchance forget what they have ſaid, writ, and done, give me Leave a little to remind you. —— And firſt of all, Mr. *d' Foe*, the Champion for the Cauſe and Party, begins very *modeſtly*, after his peaceful Temper; *This Week*, ſays he, *we have the Prelude to the* High-Church *Affair, and the Eſſay has been made on the Mob.* —— *The Doctor, in his paſſing and repaſſing, has been huzza'd by the Rabble, which is to be artfully improv'd.* Review, Vol. VI. Numb. 141. Now, obſerve, this was done with Deſign to make the Doctor look odious in the Sight of the Parliament; and yet, after all, *the High-C——h has got it at laſt.*

Secondly, Numb. 562. *This* huzzaing *has made the Doctor ſo popular, that the Ladies begin to talk of* falling in Love with him. —— That's more, I preſume, than the *Low-Church* will do; and the *High-flyers* envy him the Glory of his Sufferings: Who envy'd the Sufferings of your *Saints* in the *Weſt*? Tell me that if you can. —— Nay, they have done all they can to make the *Houſe of Commons take Notice* of them, yet can't do it for their Lives. Good Reaſon why, the Doctor was to be made a Preſident, and they were afraid to take too much upon them at a Time, for Fear of the worſt. *And yet, for all that, the High-C——h has got it at laſt.*

Thirdly, Ibidem. D'Foe ſays, *If the* Lords *bring him in guilty, the* Houſe of Commons *can't tell what Puniſhment to inflict on him.* —— And makes a *Scotch* Member to find out and puſh forward the Puniſhment, which the Party would willingly come at; that is, *Unfrocking him*, as they call it; but in downright *Engliſh*, is ſtripping his Gown over his Ears. *And yet, after all this mighty Buſtle, the High-C——h has got it at laſt.*

Fourthly, Ibidem. Fol. 563. *'Tis farther urg'd, if* Non-Reſiſtance *be a notorious Cheat*, (as the *Low-C——h* would have it) *a State-Error, a Tool of Tyranny, and*

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a Fraud hatch'd by the Devil, to impose upon and delude Mankind, then the Doctor must be cast and condemn'd; and whether he be unfrock'd *or no, that must be left to the* Lords *Determination.* —— Which any one may see was the intended Design and Aim of the Party. *And yet, for all that, High-C——h has got it at last.*

Fifthly, Vol. VI. Fol. 565. Now, do but observe how the Spleen of the *Low-C——h* Party does begin to rise. —— *Well, well,* (says Mr. *Review*) *Gentlemen, the Physick works,* as if *High-C——h* had taken a fanatical Purge. —— *Let us know what Name to call it by: Is it* Rebellion *to defend a* Non-Resistance *Rabble and Mob, by Way of* Passive-Obedience *and* Resistance? Yet, after a long Catalogue of *Low-C——h* Invectives against *High-Church, she has got it at last*

Ibidem. *As for Dr.* Sacheverell, *honest good Man, he can have no Hand in this Matter, unless God has forsaken him, and his Senses too.* —— Thus you may see how the Faction animate the Houses, and the Queen and Government too. *And yet, for all this, High-C——h has got it at last.*

Ibidem. Well, at last he concludes, (when he can't fix it upon any Person) that *let who will be in it, who will be for it, or whatever be the Occasion, the Fact is true, and it stands upon Record, that the Rabble being encourag'd for two or three Days together by the Doctor or his Friends,* (observe that) *they went directly to the* Meeting-Houses, *and pluck'd them down, and burnt them: Besides, they broke open Mr.* Burges's *and Mr.* Eele's *Houses, and took from thence, or destroy'd their Goods and Books, and with much ado was prevented from burning one of their Houses.* —— *Now, pray was not this the ready Way to dewit Men first before a legal Conviction? And upon the whole, where is the Doctor or his Friends found guilty, or so much as question'd about the Fact? And of all this great Rabble, there were but three try'd for it, and yet nothing prov'd that the Doctor or his Friends set them to Work.* 'Tis true, there is one acquitted,

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acquitted, and one condemn'd, and *Purchase* the *Batley* is found guilty of the Fact, and the *Low-C——h* are striving all they can to bring him in guilty of high Treason, that was only prov'd to be there after the Pews was set on Fire; but how many were there that were actually taken, that were *Presbyterians*, with the Boards in their Hand, carrying them to the Fire, and in their Way knock'd some down that would not cry out, *High-Church and Sacheverell*? But these, it seems, are to be screen'd, that the Odium thereof mayn't fall upon the *Dissenters* in general. There was a Time that 3000 *l.* a-piece were offer'd to bail them, was refus'd at first, but upon second Consideration, they were admitted, and to what End and Purpose the Parliament will be made sensible of in Time; and certainly then these must needs be guilty of *high Treason*, if any be. But upon the whole, the great Charge upon the *high-flying Party* is vanish'd; and to conclude, *the High-C——h has got it at last.*

On the present Debates about Religion.

I Wonder what these nice Distinctions mean,
'Tween zealous High-Church, and proud Low-
(Church-men?
When we shall all at God's just Bar appear,
Think you, he'll ask us of what Church we are?
No, no: Let then this foolish Diff'rence rest,
They're of the truest Church, that live the best.

F I N I S.

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A COLLECTION OF POEMS, &c.

The Fox Unkennell'd: Or, The Sham-Memorial.

By the Author of the Seven Extinguiſhers.

A *Fox* of Quality, that long
Had put upon both Old and Young,
And in the *Lyon*'s Court had been
Time out of Mind a Favourite ſeen;
As undiſcover'd he purſu'd
The *Private* for the *Publick* Good,
Was held ſuſpected in his Wiles,
Wholly t' engroſs his Sovereign's Smiles;
And this and that *Beaſt* often ſtrove
To worm him from his Monarch's Love.
But their Attempts could nothing do,
So much the more eſteem'd he grew,
By how much more they made Effort
To ruin his Deſigns at Court;

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For he was Maſter of ſuch Arts
As to deceive unguarded Hearts,
And manag'd Things with ſuch a Grace,
On all Occaſions in his Place,
That almoſt ev'ry one, but thoſe
Who could not with his Meaſures cloſe
In gulling of the Beaſtial Nation
By way of ſeeming *Moderation*,
Could not but think he made appear
He well deſerv'd his Maſter's Ear,
In being *Miniſter Primier*.

In ſhort, *Vulpone* kept his Poſt,
To his Accuſers Grief and Coſt;
Who, 'ſtead of bringing it about
To have this *Matchiavilian* out,
To their own Diſappointment, found
Their Expectations run a Ground,
By the brave *Panther*'s Means, who bore
The Reins of Military Power,
And was engag'd, as near ally'd,
To take this envy'd State-man's Side,
While they who his *Diſmiſſion* ſought,
In their own Toils themſelves were caught,
And out of Offices were turn'd,
By him they'd out of Place have ſpurn'd.

This accidental Change enſur'd
The Poſt his Cunning had procur'd;
And thenceforth all around the Throne,
Were none but Creatures of his own;
Such as the ſame Opinions held,
And ravag'd o'er the Woods and Fields,
Without being queſtion'd for their Crimes
In thoſe remiſs, licenſious Times;
Where 'twas allow'd and underſtood,
Beaſts ſhould be *moderately* good;
Should all Things do on all Occaſions,
To ſhew their ſev'ral *Moderations*,

Whether

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Whether the *State* or Kingdom's *Weal*
Call'd for their utmoſt Care and Zeal;
Or *Piety*, that lay a bleeding,
Urg'd a more vigorous Proceeding;
Still they were found, at ev'ry Trial,
Moderately juſt and *loyal*;
But when the Leaders of their Party
Would have 'em be more *warm* and *hearty*
To mount up to Preferment's Pitch,
And be *immoderately* rich.
Year after Year they kept in play
The chiefeſt Poſts at Court, their Prey,
As uncontroul'd in Luſt of Power,
And ſanctimoniouſly ſoure
Againſt all ſuch as durſt diſpute
The *Juſtice* of their *leading* Brute.
They voted it a high Offence
For any one to ſpeak good Senſe,
Or bring in Queſtion what was done
By theſe the Guardians of the Throne,
While ev'ry *Monkey* and *Baboon*
Squeal'd out their Praiſes out of Tune,
And hir'd on purpoſe to ſet forth
Their Virtues and pretended Worth,
Was ſuffer'd Nobles to abuſe,
And Beaſts of ſpotleſs Truth accuſe,
That would not in their Counſels join,
And the *Succeſſion* undermine,
Which by a previous Reſolve
Was on a *Leopard* to devolve,
On whom the Scepter was entail'd,
In caſe the *Lyon*'s Iſſue fail'd.
But as the Wiſeſt ſometimes err,
And Schemes that hurt themſelves, prefer,
While they take Meaſures, and deviſe
Ways to defeat their Enemies;
So 'twas the *Fox* his luckleſs Fortune,
While he contriv'd behind the Curtain,

And

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And underhand was Means a brewing,
To bring about his En'mies Ruin,
So to project and caſt Affairs,
As brought about *his* Fall, not theirs.
It happen'd while the *Beaſts* were met,
Yearly about Affairs of State,
A *Bull* that thought the Throne aggriev'd
By Principles of late receiv'd,
And publickly profeſs'd and taught
Reaſons againſt thoſe Doctrines brought,
By which he vigorouſly maintain'd
The *Lyon*'s Right that o'er them reign'd,
And made it evidently clear
He was not an *Elective Heir*,
But by *Deſcent* and *Birth* laid Claim
To *Kingly Government* and Fame,
As no Pretence for Diſobedience
Could draw his Subjects from Allegiance,
In whom 'was a ſupream Offence
To *queſtion* or *coerce* their Prince.
This Declaration, at a Time
When ſuch Aſſertions ſeem'd a Crime,
Rouz'd up an *Otter*, in whoſe Nature
It was to live on Land and Water;
And was the *Fox* his Penſioner,
To make a Noiſe and mighty Stir,
That the Delinquent might be brought
To anſwer for his heinous Fault.
'Twas done, for he that bears the P—ſe
Muſt have great Intereſt of Courſe;
And after various *Pro* and *Con*
To bring the tickliſh Matter on,
The loyal *Bull* was try'd and caſt,
And had upon him Sentence paſs'd,
Spight of his *Friends* that took his Part,
With all the *Rhetorick* and *Art*
That could be ſhewn on any Side,
Where *Reaſon* was to be their Guide;

Or

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Or where the *Royal Preſence* might
Have aw'd his Subjects with its Sight,
From daring openly to eſpouſe
The *Breach* of ſacred *Oaths* and *Vows*,
Which they had to their Monarch given
When he *receiv'd* his *Crown* from *Heaven*.
At which, the Woods with one Accord,
And Fields, implor'd their Soverign Lord
To reaſſume his ancient Rights,
Impatient of his Subjects Slights,
And baniſh from his Preſence thoſe
Durſt his Prerogatives oppoſe;
Or would his *Royal Title* cripple
By the Advancement of the People,
To whom they would his Power transfer,
And Rights of making *Peace* and *War*.
When ſly *Vulpone* took Alarm
At Sight of this approaching Harm,
That muſt *unkennel* him of Courſe,
Should theſe have the prevailing Force.
But how to find out Means and Ways
His ſinking *State* and *Hopes* to raiſe,
Not one amongſt his Creatures cou'd
Give Counſel fit to be purſu'd.
At laſt Lord *Reynard* wagg'd his Tail,
As if he had found what could not fail
To rivet him within his Place,
And make him ſure to keep his M——,
Which was to counterfeit a Sort
Of ſham M———l ſent to Court
From an adjacent Forreſt, that
Had been his King's Confederate,
And many Years had firmly ſtood
By's Intereſt, for the common Good;
As both conjoin'd, ſtrove hard and faſt
To lay their Foes Encloſures waſte.
In this, the *Lyon* was adviſ'd
To be of other Means appriſ'd,

Digitized by Google *Than*

Than at that Juncture to agree
To change his preſent M———y,
Since it in all Appearance might
Their ſtrict Alliance *diſunite,*
And make a Twenty Years Agreement
To loſe its Energy *and* Cement;
Beſides, it would at Home create
Inteſtine Troubles in his State.
And Boars, *and* Wolves, *and* Beaſts *of Force,*
That had ſupply'd him with their Purſe,
Would all turn Retrogade of Courſe,
Would ceaſe thenceforward to ſupply
His Majeſty's Neceſſity,
When Exigencies of the War
Should urge Remittances from far.
How! Said a *Heifer* that was nigh,
And ſaw the *Fraud* with half an Eye,
Is this the Style *of an* Ally?
No, no, my Leige, *ſurvey it round,*
Their Deference is too profound,
Both for your Perſon *and your Senſe,*
To offer at ſuch Inſolence,
As all good Manners *to forſake,*
And point out Methods you're to take
In your *Direction of Affairs,*
That does not interfere with theirs;
Down to its End *from its* Beginning,
'Tis every Word the Fox's Penning.
At which the Monarch having weigh'd
What could in his Defence be ſaid,
And paus'd upon the Allegations
Of his Accuſers in their Stations,
Wiſely pronounc'd the *Offender's* Doom,
And bid him *go and* rule at Home,
Since he *would from that Moment be*
From ſuch unfaithful Servants free,
That would corrupt his Family;

Nor

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Nor could he think his Perſon *ſafe,*
While in his Hands he kept the Staff.
Not but his paſt Attendance *ſhou'd*
At this Conjuncture do him good,
And ſhew a Maſter's *Gratitude,*
Since 'twas an Act of Royal Grace,
Tamely *to let him* quit *his Place,*
Without more fatal Conſequences
Of ſuch unparallell'd Offences,
And Inſtances of Mercy *give,*
By ſuff'ring ſo much Guilt *to* live.
The Voice was out, and mix'd with Air,
Shew'd how he could Tranſgreſſors ſpare,
That call'd for Puniſhments ſevere;
And lo! the Beaſts before diſmiſs'd,
Their former Offices poſſeſs'd,
And ſaw themſelves once more reſtor'd
To ſit again at C———l Board,
To give Advice, and Meaſures take,
Which their Oppoſers Schemes ſhould break.
When univerſal Mirth appear'd,
And *Victory* its Aſpect rear'd,
Trod on the Heels of the Report
Of Alterations at the Court,
As unexpected and as ſtrange,
As was that Bleſſing of a Change,
Which brought glad Moments ſmiling on,
And eccho'd Joy from Sun to Sun;
The *Prince* and *People* both confeſs'd
To be *reciprocally* bleſs'd;
The *firſt* ſecur'd of *their Eſteem*,
The *laſt* of *Liberty* in *him.*

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On General Stanhope.

WHere e're you fought, the haughty Foes were (broke;
The Prieſt more haughty, trembl'd when you ſpoke.
Thus *Jove* th' aſpiring Giants drove to Hell,
By Light'ning ſome, ſome ſtunn'd by Thunder fell.
Bleſt *Spain!* whilſt ſuch a Sword protects her Cauſe;
Bleſt we! whilſt ſuch a Tongue maintains our Laws.
Had you been Conſul when devoted *Rome*,
By Eloquence, was ſnatch'd from threaten'd Doom,
Not Statues only had preſerv'd your Fame,
But Altars would have born your ſacred Name.
Let leſſer Merit thus in Marble live,
Your Glories ſhall the ſollid Braſs ſurvive;
And the extreameſt Ages ſhall be taught,
How well for Liberty you ſpoke and fought.

The Tryal and Sentence in Poland.

By N. F. *G.*

HOW does it conſiſt with the Oath of Allegiance,
To puniſh the Teacher of Paſſive-Obedience?
Why ſhould not the Homilies, teaching the ſame,
Along with the Sermon ſubmit to the Flame?
This fiery Preſident makes it poſſible,
The next Burnt-offering may be the B—ble.
No Example ever was given by Chriſt,
To burn a Sermon, or ſilence a Prieſt.
The *Marionite* Prophets, who lately pretended
Divine Inſpiration, were better befriended.
Now Paſſive-Obedience is left in the Lurch,
And ſaucy Reſiſtance abides in your Church.

For

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For Int'reſt ſhe preaches Obedience to Day,
To Morrow ſhe teacheth us to diſobey;
To ſwear and unſwear, aſſert and diſown,
Addreſs and betray both the C——h and the C—n.
For theſe Contradictions, ſhe has an Evaſion,
By calling Expulſion, a free Abdication.
She murder'd the Father, diſhonour'd the Mother,
Beheaded the one, and now burnt the other.
How comes it to paſs that ſhe imitates thoſe
Jeſuitical Maxims ſhe ſeems to oppoſe?
Magdalen was (with the reſt of her Siſters)
Lately debauch'd by her holy Miniſters.
Six Prelates for H— C——h, and ſeven for Low,
At Sixes and Sevens Religion doth go.
A Clergy divided in Points of Salvation,
Diſfigure the Church, and diſtemper the Nation.
The Pr——te abſenting himſelf at the Tryal,
Reſembles the Picture of *Peter*'s Denial:
But when the Cock crew, then *Peter* repented;
Now Preſbyter crows, but is not reſented.
Thus (when the late Martyr had need of their Votes)
They ſneak'd, or abſented, or alter'd their Notes;
And tamely permitted that King's Decollation,
As now this Combuſtion and late Tolleration.

A Letter from Mr. Thomas D'Urfey, *to a Friend of his in the State, concerning the late Alterations.*

SIR, you'll excuſe me for inditing,
There's no great Harm, I think, in writing;
Without Offence a Man may ſcribble,
Nor mean much Miſchief in a Quibble.
The World is in the Rhiming Cue,
And Nonſenſe never yet was new.

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Through all my Works you ſee it ſhine,
But, mark me well, 'tis with Deſign.
To ſcribble ſomewhat more than need,
To write ſo long that none will read,
And ſhew how empty 'tis within,
I'm a ſad Clog, if that's a Sin:
If 'tis not deem'd Ambition glorious,
For Fools to make themſelves notorious,
The Lord knows what Excuſe to frame,
Yet Brother *Tate*'s as much to blame.
But not to borrow *Blackmore*'s Stile,
And ſpin my Story out a Mile,
My Text to make no tedious Farce on,
Nor turn my ſelf into a Parſon,
I'll tell you what's the Caſe, in ſhort,
And be ſo brief, you'll thank me for't.
Not having made the Tour of *France*,
Or learnt of fam'd *Labee* to dance,
I did preſume it might be better
To make my Bows by way of Letter,
And pay you my Devoirs in Metre.
Beſides, as Times go, I aſſure you,
Tom's ev'ry Inch Poetick Fury;
Can cant in Verſe, can court, can ſ—e,
And ev'ry thing, alas, but thrive:
Diſcourſe of Politicks, like *Dyer*,
And be as arch a Wag as *Prior*.
In merry Pin and jocund Plight,
I hope at laſt I ſhall come by't;
Some little Place I mean, you'll gueſs,
And in good Troth I mean no leſs.
I now aſſume a ſtately Pace,
Exert my Cloak with better Grace;
Look mighty pert, and mighty big,
A certain Sign I'm not a Whig;
For they at preſent, as I trow,
Are, what they call themſelves, but low;

Volpon',

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Volpon', it ſeems, had form'd a Plot;
But ſure I'm out, if he did not.
To tell you in plain Terms my Mind,
I little did expect to find
Such Chriſtian Graces in 'em ſhining;
Yet now, good Souls, they're all reſigning,
And will, 'tis hop'd, without Pretences,
Be very mod'rate in Expences;
Nor prove ſuch Knaves at Diminution,
As ere to damn a Revolution:
But know at laſt, that, as the Story's,
French Wine and *Phillis* are for Tories:
Yet patient tho' they prove, and humble,
I fear me much their Guts will grumble;
That they'll for Credit be to ſeek,
And with the State muſt go on Tick.
But oh! Stocks fall, and Jobbing ceaſes,
They'll lend no Money, as the Caſe is,
How now! dull Sots of *Lombard* Cauſey,
Is it for Cuckolds to be ſawcy?
Theſe Uſurers their worſt may do,
There's Ways and Means that will accrue,
To get their Wives, and Money too.
You know, dear Friend, in worſt of Times,
We Gentlemen addict to Rhimes,
Have Souls inflam'd with noble Fires;
Poets of courſe, muſt be High-flyers,
And are, I own, as the Itch burns,
A little too, too fond of Turns.
But the main Streſs of all this Ditty,
Is but to beg you'd not be witty,
I ſhould have ſaid, Sir, not forget me;
For if your Mem'ry fails by Fits,
(States-men remember much like Wits.)
Tho' I expreſs it ſomewhat odly,
I hold it were a Thing ungodly,
To ſquabble thus for State and Church,
And leave poor *Mævius* in the Lurch.

Poſt-

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Poſtſcript.

They tell me, that *Philip* of *Spain*
Is beaten and routed again;
Why, faith, he has made a noble Campaign,
Now *Liſbon* and *Port* may be ſold
Much cheaper, 'tis hop'd, than of old;
We may now fill our Coffers once more,
And take a Trip to fam'd *Tagus*'s Shore.
The black *Spaniſh* Dames, they ſay, are ſo civil,
'Twill be no hard Matter to cuckold the Devil.

The W—g's Litany.

FRom a *Senate* intent on the Good of the Nation,
With Judgments oppos'd to *Infatuation*,
From whoſe Pow'r alone, we can hope for Salvation,
Libera nos, &c.

From a *Council* by provident Policy led,
To diſcover our *Cauſe*, tho' a-ſleep, is not dead,
But hopes ſhe may fairly be ſoon brought to Bed,
Libera nos, &c.

From a *new Set* of *Courtiers* unlike to the old,
Whoſe Honours will never be brib'd or be ſold,
For *Prelacy* firm, and *Supremacy* bold,
Libera nos, &c.

From the Doctrine of *Paſſive-Obedience*, which teaches
Reſiſtance our Faith, and Religion impeaches,
'Gainſt which our *Friends* lately did make ſuch *fine*
(*Speeches*,
Libera nos, &c.

From *Loyal Addreſſes*, which laſh to the Quick,
With Doſes which makes us confoundedly ſick,
Whoſe Authors we heartily wiſh at old Nick,
Libera nos, &c.

From

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From those *loyal Notions* have govern'd of late,
Which threaten us with unavoidable Fate,
And a *Doctor* whom worse than the Devil we hate,
Libera nos, &c.
That our staunch *Good Old Cause* may the *Mitre* throw (down,
And the *Presbyter Cloak* triumph o'er the *Gown*,
While that grows the Scorn and Contempt of the (Town,
Oramus.
That this baffl'd Axiom again may awake,
That *Kings* from *the People Authority take*,
And that *Heav'n* has no *Right* its *Vicegerent* to make,
Oramus.
That the World may believe we bid *Rome* bold De- (fiance,
While her Doctrines and ours holds strictest Alliance,
In raising *Sedition* by mutual Compliance,
Oramus.
That when we *communicate* for a good Place,
Submitting to Lucre, our Titles to grace,
We the Scandal may baulk by an impudent Face,
Oramus.
That if ever our Minds with Remorse are perplext,
We may appear fairly to keep to our Text,
To thrive in this World, tho' we're damn'd in the (next,
Oramus.
Tho' all the same *Tenets* we publickly own,
Which *Charles* (call'd the *Martyr*) depos'd from the (Throne,
May the Q— be perswaded most *Loyal* we're grown,
Oramus.
When e're we've a Cause to prefer with a *Flaw*,
May the *Judges be all over-rul'd, and the Law*,
And who can do this, may all Mankind destroy,
Oramus.

That

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The Commons Vote, that Heav'n nor ſhe
Should arrogate their Sov'raignty;
Impeach the ſaucy Inſolent,
That do'ſt the odious Doctrine print
Of Scandal, Faction, Crimes ſo high,
Some thought they reach'd to Blaſphemy,
Maliciouſly t' aſſert that Power,
The Queen's, which they but lent unto her,
And could reſume when e'er they wou'd,
In ſpight of either her or G—d.
The Peers, not her, as by old Laws,
Were Judge and Jury of the Cauſe;
And a huge Scaffold, what the Coſt is,
The Queen beſt knows, was Court of Juſtice;
Perhaps intended, in Concluſion,
To ſerve as once for Execution:
Whither poor *Anna* trudg'd from *White-hall*,
To hear her Subjects try her Title,
Sat weeping on the tott'ring Throne,
And made *Sa———ll*'s Caſe her own.
The ancient Fathers, great and ſmall,
From good St. *Jerome*, up to *Paul*,
Did juſtify the Criminal.
Nay, Chriſt himſelf, 'twas made appear,
Taught the ſame Principles, when here.
But nothing could acquit the Prieſt,
Nor Father *Paul*, nor *Jeſus Chriſt*,
The Doctrine was too plain and true,
And inconſiſtent with their new;
Beſides, did Deeds of theirs arraign,
Which they would practice o'er again,
But in reſpect to ſpotleſs Lawn,
They'd not unfrock their Brother Gown,
Nor fine, nor pill'ry, nor impriſon,
The Sermon only ſmelt of Treaſon;
Therefore this wiſe Reſolve they took,
To ſpare the Doctor, burn the Book.

Look

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Look to the Gospel, *Paul* and *Jesus*,
Sachev'rell's Sermons do displease us;
He copy'd you, was your Disciple,
Your Turn then's next, they'll burn the *Bible*.

A Copy of Verses spoke by the Bell-Man of St. Margaret's Westminster, *last* Christmas, *under the Window of* John Dolben, *Esq*; *one of the Managers against Dr.* Henry Sacheverell.

MY Master *Dolben*, he did well
For to impeach *Sacheverell*;
For he was an invidious Incendiary,
And loved not King *William*, nor Queen *Mary*.
So *Pim* did formerly impeach Doctor *Mainwaring*,
For he was a Man that was both obstinate and da-
(ring,
And never would, 'till twas too late, take Warning.
Good Morrow, Master *Dolben*, my Masters and Mi-
(stresses all, good Morning.

The Duke of Beaufort's *new Toast to the Citizens of* London.

THE Queen, God preserve, Heav'n's pious Vice-
(gerent,
With her Right to the Crown, in her Birth is inhe-
(rent,
The Church in this Kingdom establish'd by Law,
That the true Faith may keep all false Worships in
(Awe.
And may Heav'n pour the choicest of Blessings di-
(vine
On her Protestant Heirs of the *Hannover* Line.

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To a Parliament next, let a Bumper go round,
That will act in Concert with these Principles sound.
To a Ministry that from their Duties won't start,
But join in our Wishes with Hand and with Heart.
To a happy and lasting Enjoyment of Peace,
That our Taxes may fall, and our Trade may in-
To this City's particular flourishing State, (crease.
That its Actions may rise, and his Factions abate.
To the Nation in gen'ral, whose Welfare we prize,
And all good Men hold much more dear than their
(Eyes.
To its Grandeur let no Men refuse to take this,
But each Native, like us Boys, *Huzza*, and cry *Yes*.

Honest Clodd's *Advice to his Country-men, how to chuse such Members of Parliament in the next Election, as may preserve their Liberties and Estates.*

TO open all your Eyes, and let you know,
At next Election, what you ought to do,
By passive Priest-craft how to bring about,
That *Perkin* may turn in, and *ANNE* turn out;
And, like *Sacheverell*, to undermine
Your native Rights, Laws human and divine;
First, like that Hypocrite, you must invent
All Spight can do 'gainst this Parliament;
Dethrone the *Queen*, applaud the false Pretender,
And all the *Bishops* Presbyterians render.
If any Man but whisper Moderation,
Swear he's the greatest Rebel in the Nation.
Lineal Succession to the Skies advance,
Thereby maintain his Right that's now in *France*.
Prove, if you can, no King can do amiss,
Tho' he, not God's, but Hell's Vicegerent is.

Declare

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Declare 'twas hard that *James* ſhould loſe his Crown,
Harder, the Daughter ſhould thruſt out the Son.
Tell the *Queen* plainly, for you mean as much,
That now 'tis Time to leave her in the Lurch,
And get a Papiſt to protect the Church.
Church, did I ſay? No, no, I meant the State;
The precious Sons of *Levi* may do that;
I mean his flying Sons, they beſt can guide
The Church to *Rome*, and clip the Gentry's Pride:
They can inform their King, how he was ſent
From Heav'n to rule without a Parliament;
That Laws and Lawyers are but uſeleſs Stuff,
His Royal Will and Pleaſure is enough
To raiſe a Tax, and let the Commons know
If they have Titles to their Lands or no:
To make them happy, that they nought may loſe,
All ſhall be *Ceſar*'s, but their Wooden Shoes.
They'll damn whoever durſt reſiſt his Will,
Except themſelves and Don *Sacheverell*;
Who ſtill may hector, Scriptures falſify,
A Prophet's Servant or his God belie,
And all's but juſt, ſo High-Church gain thereby.
There's one Thing more than they and you have
Th'exalted Croſier much above the Crown, (done,
You to defend its Rights, and keep your own.
Dear *Dodd*, be wiſe, preſerve thy own Eſtate
Gainſt pious Fraud, and paſſive Popiſh Prate.

On burning Dr. Sac——ll's *Sermon.*

NO! ſacred Pages, never more repine,
Tho' ſacrific'd to Faction and Deſign;
Thy Votaries by this, more ſtrong become,
Gath'ring freſh Vigour by thy Martyrdom.
Arabian Spices ſo diſſolv'd by Heat,
Scatter around Perfumes divinely ſweet.

So

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So *Ptolomy*'s fam'd Library did ſhine
In unlearn'd Flames, no leſs compar'd to thine.
They periſh'd, but thy deathleſs Work receives
Freſh Vigour from the burning of thy Leaves.
Spight of their envious Hate, thou ſhalt be read,
Nor die, 'till Truth and Principle be dead.
Thou to thy former Beauty ſhalt return,
Shine like a Cherub, like a Seraph burn.
But oh! expect what the three Children bore,
A Flame that's ſeven times hotter than before,
And all Fanatick Rage can practiſe more.
But thou ſhalt feel no Harm, nor Fear diſcloſe,
But like the Furnace, flaſh upon thy Foes.

Fair Warning.

MAdam, look out, your Title is arraign'd;
Sachererell ſaps the Ground whereon you ſtand.
'Tis Revolution that upholds your Throne.
Let Non-Reſiſtance thrive, and you're undone.
If paſſive Doctrines boldly are reviv'd,
Your Crown's precarious, and your Reign ſhort-liv'd.
Such Notions with Impunity profeſt,
Will make the Pow'r of Parliaments a Jeſt.
Their Acts of Settlement are Ropes of Sand,
And *Hannover* may rule his native Land.
When Pulpits ſound no Limitation's good,
No Right, but in Proximity of Blood,
Who ſees not the Pretender's underſtood?
Impatient for their darling Chevalier,
You're in their Mercy for another Year:
Tho' Loyalty and Church are their Pretence,
Inherent Birth-right is their ſecret Senſe,
And Reſtoration is the Conſequence.

An

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An Answer to the Fair Warning.

By N. F. G.

MOnarchs, beware, your Titles they disown,
Who say Obedience undermines the Throne.
'Tis Non-Resistance that upholds the Crown;
Let bold Resistance thrive, 'twill tumble down.
If Whiggish Maxims saucily are taught,
Your Crowns are Baubles, and your Titles nought.
Such prophane Notions impudently prest,
Will make supream Prerogative a Jest.
All divine Rights are then like Spiders Nets,
And Church Decrees and Homilies are Cheats.
When Tub-Dissenters eagerly are bent
Against Monarchical-Establishment,
Who sees not *Cromwell* is expressly meant?
Impatient for their darling Common-wealth,
Which they promote by Violence or Stealth,
Tho' Laws and Constitution's their Pretence,
Inherent Anarchy's their secret Sense,
And Decollation is the Consequence.

The London *Address.*

madam,

WE the hundred and fifty Elect of the Gown,
By his Lordship conven'd from all Parts (of the Town,
Now you've turn'd out your Friends, for which (Heavens bless you!
Conceive we may safely mislead and address you.
In the first Place, we beg you'd be pleas'd to take (Notice,
For 'tis nothing but Truth, *in verbo Sacerdotis*,
That

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That the Hearts and the Hands of High-Church
(Men were never
Yet known, in State-Matters, to travel together:
This we wisely premise, that from thence you may
(gues
What Credit is due to our Loyal Address.
The Tryal was wicked, no Precedent for it;
And as *genuine Sons of the Church*, we abhor it;
Of your Honour, no doubt, 'twas a horrid Invasion,
To maintain to your Face, and that of the Nation,
That the late Revolution, by which you now reign,
Was free from Rebellion's most damnable Stain:
Your Majesty's Title we say's by Descent,
Tho' we swear 'tis confirm'd by the People's Consent.
Thus the Church-Bacon's sav'd, come Whig or come
(Tory,
We've a Meaning reserv'd to prove we are for you:
We have taken the Oaths, and our Livings secur'd,
Yet ne'er heard of his Claim, whose Claim we've ab-
(jur'd.
Sometimes in our Works, Right divine's our Ex-
(pression,
Sometimes we cry up the establish'd Succession:
So catch as catch can, we've engag'd the Caresses
Of St. *Germains* and *Hannover* by our Addresses.
We own 'tis a Sin your just Pow'r to resist,
Yet we vow to withstand it, whenever we list;
For if we but fancy that Slavery's coming,
My Lord crys, To Horse, and we all fall a drum-
(ming.
We thought the *French* King was reduc'd enough
(long since,
And to ruin him quite, was too cruel in Conscience;
We therefore all join in this peaceable Pray'r,
Oh! Lord, *scatter those that delight in the War.*

To conclude: Oh! thou Mother of our Mother-
(Church,
Good Grand-mother, leave us not now in the Lurch;
You

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You ſee we are here in a Militant State,
And our Triumphs, God knows, are promis'd us late.
Ah! do but indulge us in the next Convocation,
We'll drive your Supremacy out of the Nation,
And hoiſt up our own, 'till the next Reſtoration.

The Impeachment.

A *Nightingale*, whoſe warbling Tongue
Had charm'd his Hearers with his Song,
As all the Beaſts, and all the Birds,
Suck'd *Hony* from his melting Words,
That Sweet as what from *Hybla* flows,
Or the Bee gathers from the *Roſe*,
Might win upon the niceſt Taſte,
Was cag'd for ſome Expreſſions paſt,
That ſeem'd too zealous and too warm
For one that ne'er intended Harm.
This Bird and that, in each one's Station,
Harangu'd upon his Accuſation;
And from the Premiſes, deduc'd
Concluſions that were never us'd;
'Till forc'd and far-fetch'd *Inuendo's*,
Quite run aground *ſe Defendendo's*;
For which a certain *Eagle* loſt,
Some Years before, his Regal Poſt.
But yet, what ever could be ſaid,
Or Allegations for him made,
He was adjudg'd, ſome Time to come,
To practiſe Silence, and be dumb;
Leaſt he too high ſhould ſwell a Note,
And above *Ela* ſtretch his Throat.
At this, a *Bull-Finch*, who foreſaw
What would come of this B—h of Law,
And to the moſt experienc'd Senſe
Had join'd the Froce of Eloquence,

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Cry'd out, 'What Songſter now ſhall dare
'To captivate the liſt'ning Ear?
'To drive away the Cares of Life,
'And into Friendſhip ſoften Strife,
'If thoſe offend that uſe ſuch Strains,
'And muſt be cenſur'd for their Pains?
He ſpoke, and inſtantly was join'd
By Birds of ev'ry ſort and Kind;
As from all Parts the feather'd Race
Came ſorrowing for this Convict's Caſe,
And to the *Eagle*'s Throne apply'd
For her Compaſſion on his ſide,
And to change Hands with thoſe, whoſe Luſt
Of Power had into Places thruſt,
The *Bats* and *Owls*, who Birds of Night,
Deny'd Hereditary Right.
The Royal *Eagle* in her Breaſt
Firſt weigh'd by whom ſhe was addreſt,
The Reaſons why they made Complaint,
And the Injuſtice of's Reſtraint;
Then wiſely gave Command, that thoſe
Who had been his invet'rate Foes,
No longer ſhould be ſeen at Court,
Or to her Places reſort,
But order'd, in their ſtead, the *Thruſh*
Should leave his *Bramble* and his *Buſh*,
And *Larks* and *Linnets*, and the reſt
That Innocence in *Fields* expreſt,
From their belov'd Retreat ſhould come,
And charm her in her royal Dome.
They bleſs'd the Voice that ſpoke, and came
All o'er Obedience to the Dame.
When all the Birds with one accord
Own'd Juſtice to its Seat reſtor'd,
And Acclamations upwards ſent,
To give their Satisfaction Vent.
As thenceforth *Singing Birds* alone
Were ſuffer'd to come near the Throne,

And

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And all the *Bats* and *Owls* withdrew
To lurcking Holes, from human View.

High-Church Loyalty. A Song.

YE Whigs and Diſſenters, what wou'd you have (done?
Ne'er think of reſtoring your old Forty-One.
Then fill up a Bowl, fill it up to the Brim;
Here's a Health to all thoſe who the Church do eſteem.

We know the Pretence you for Liberty Baul;
But had you your Will, you'd deſtroy Church and (all.
Then fill up a Bowl, &c.
Here's a Health, &c.

Let us join Hand in Hand, and we'll heartily pray,
That the Church may ſtand ſafe for e'er and a Day.
Then fill up a Bowl, &c.
Here's a Health, &c.

Old *England* is true to the Queen and the Crown,
Whilſt the Whigs wou'd the Mitre and Surplice pull (down.
Then fill up a Bowl, &c.
Here's a Health, &c.

While the Phœnix ſtands up, and the *Bow* Bells do (ring,
Here's a Health to *Sacheverell*, and God bleſs the (Queen.
Then fill up a Bowl, &c.
Here's a Health, &c.

To the pious good Biſhops of *London* and *York*,
And the reſt of the Patriarchs that join'd in the (Work.
Then fill up a Bowl, &c.
Here's a Health, &c.

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To thoſe true High-Church Lords let a Bumper go (round,
Who ſtood by the Church, and defended the Crown.
Then fill up a Bowl, &c.
Here's a Health, &c.

To *Harcourt* and *Phillips*, thoſe learned in Laws,
Dod, *Henchman*, and *Dee*, who defended his Cauſe.
Come fill up a Bowl, &c.
Here's a Health, &c.

A Health to thoſe Members too can't be deny'd,
Who Loyally ſpoke againſt having him try'd.
Then fill up a Bowl, &c.
Here's a Health, &c.

But let Faction and Shame his Foes all confound,
Whilſt the Church, and *Sacheverell*, and *ANNA* go (round,
Fill, fill up a Bowl, &c.
Here's a Health, &c.

An Anſwer to High-Church Loyalty. A Song.

YOU Pinacle Flyers, where would you advance?
What, would you be bringing of *Perkin* from (*France*?
Inſtead of a Bowl filled up to the Brim,
A Halter for thoſe that wou'd bring Perkin *in.*

You hot ones, that ſeem for the Church for to ſtand,
But aim to bring Popery into the Land.
Inſtead of a Bowl, &c.
A Halter, &c.

Nay, whether for Church or Diſſenters they ſeem,
That are in their Hearts againſt our gracious Queen.
Inſtead of a Bowl, &c.
A Halter, &c.

Oh!

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Oh! how you rejoyc'd about too Years ago,
When you brought the Pretender to *Scotland*, you know!
Instead of a Bowl, &c.
A Halter, &c.

But Thanks to our gracious Queen *Anne* of *Britain*,
Who sent the Rogues packing to *France* back again.
Instead of a Bowl, &c.
A Halter, &c.

Now *Jacobites*, *Jacobites*, where is your Hope,
Of bringing the D—l, the Turk, or the Pope.
Instead of a Bowl, &c.
A Halter, &c.

You, under the Notion of Church, make a Noise,
While the Pope's in you Belly, you *Jacobite* Boys.
Instead of a Bowl, &c.
A Halter, &c.

Moderation you cannot abide for to hear,
You'd wickedly bring in *French* Tyranny here.
Instead of a Bowl, &c.
A Halter, &c.

You say we for Liberty, Liberty bawl,
But you wou'd destroy the Crown, Kingdom and all.
Instead of a Bowl, &c.
A Halter, &c.

But now your Contrivance is all at a stand,
Tho' you wou'd have Papists to govern the Land.
Instead of a Bowl, &c.
A Halter, &c.

Then farewell High-flyers, your Ways are all fear'd,
We are for old *England*, and God bless the Queen.
Instead of a Bowl, &c.
A Halter, &c.

Then

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Then here is a Health to the Church and the Crown,
Whilſt Pop'ry and Tyranny both tumble down.
Inſtead of a Bowl, &c.
A Halter, &c.

A Reply to the Anſwer to High-Church Loyalty.

A Song.

YOU Terreſtrial Low-Creepers, what do you mean,
By Perkin and *Pope*; to aſperſe honeſt Men?
Inſtead of Bumpers, fill up a whole Tun;
And a Halter for thoſe that the Miſchief begun.

Perfidious Hypocrites, that ſeem ſo devout,
You fain would extinguiſh Religion quite out.
To plus Sacharell let Bumpers go round;
Who daſh'd your Endeavours at laſt on the Ground.

We have not forgot your Contrivance of late,
Againſt both the Crown, and the Church and the State.
In Rivers of Claret let Loyalty ſwim.
But a Halter for thoſe in Religion do trim.

You are not contented to play your old Game,
But ſlily would fix upon others the Blame.
Inſtead of a Bowl fill it up to the Brim
In Pipes of Canary let Honeſty ſwim.

As for the Pretender, you are his true Friends,
Who breed a Confuſion to compaſs his Ends.
Then fill up the Bowl, fill it up to the Brim;
Let Treaſon ſink down, and let Loyalty ſwim.

But Phanaticks, Phanaticks, never hope more
To bring in a *Cromwell*, as you did before.
With Garlands of Honour their Temples be crown'd,
Who Popiſh and Whigiſh Deſigns do confound.

Your

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Your Bugbear of *Perkin*, the *Turk*, and the *Pope*,
Will never prevail to extinguish our Hope.
The Church of Great Britain *shall flourish again*,
Not under a Perkin, *but* Hannover's *reign.*

You under the Colour of sanctify'd Zeal,
Cry up Moderation, your Gaul for to conceal.
But wary Sachev'rell *discover'd the Cheat,*
And open'd the Eyes of the Nation to see't.

The late Toleration, for which you did baul,
Has made you so haughtly, that now you must fall.
Then drink a full Brimmer to those honest Men,
That Faction kept out, and are now coming in.

We see your Intentions begin to appear,
How by a Protector you'd manage us here.
Which waken'd the Nobles, and startl'd the Queen,
Who now are determin'd to alter the Scene.

Good Night, Gaffer Presbyter, now you are out,
The Tories are up, and the Wheel goes about.
Then fill a great Bowl, fill it up to the Brim,
In Oceans of Sherry let Honesty swim.

Come drink to the Union, the Church, and the Queen,
While Pop'ry and Anarchy dies of the Spleen.
Then to Great Britain *fill up a large Tun,*
And a Halter for those the Confusion begun.

Leviathan; *or, a Hymn to poor Brother* Ben.

To the Tune of the *Good Old Cause* reviv'd.

WHY now so melancholy, *Ben?*
What, stab'd to Death by *Blackhall's* Pen?
Invoke old *Hobs*, and snarl agen.

What,

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What, freezing nigh the Artick Pole?
Rouſe, Rouſe thy ſad dejected Soul,
Here's *Tom a Bedlam* with a Bowl.

Then awake, and clear the fatal Cup,
'Twill chear thy drooping Spirits up;
'Tis Faction's Bowl, leave not a Sup.

Oh! bravely drank; for this I'll raiſe
Thy Name aloft in *Milton*'s Lays,
And *Tindal*'s Rights ſhall found thy Praiſe.

Why howl the Dogs? From whence this Sound?
Why dance the Golden Tripods round?
And what is't moves the ſolid Ground?

Cho. *Great* Ben *with ſacred Rage is bleſt,*
He foams, he ſwells, he is compreſt,
The God ſits heavy on his Breaſt.

Hence, hence, ye mitr'd Prieſts, away,
All ye who blind Obedience pay
To Royal Monarchs Princely Sway.

Thou Mobb our Sov'reign Lord, appear,
With unpolluted Feet draw near,
And ſit in thy imperial Chair.

Thou equal to the Gods above,
And ſcarce inferior unto *Jove*;
Through thee we are, we live, and move.

Thou art the univerſal Pole;
Round thee all other Powers rowl,
And thou do'ſt actuate the whole.

From thee all Magiſtracy ſprings;
Thou giv'ſt the ſacred Rule to Kings,
And at thy Nod, they're uſeleſs Things. What,

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What, tho' they ſtile themſelves divine,
And would ſucceed by Right of Line,
There is no Law on Earth, but thine.

To whom thou liſt, thou giv'ſt the Crown,
To *Charles* or *Nol*, to Prince or Clown,
And who ſets up, may tumble down.

Thou bid'ſt them act the People's Good;
But if they rule not as they ſhou'd,
With Glory thou may'ſt let them Blood.

Like thy bold Sires in Forty-Eight,
Who neck'd their Prince, a worthy Fate!
For tyrannizing o'er the State.

That Prince, by Title *Charles* the Firſt,
Of all the Race of Kings, the worſt,
Nor pious, great, nor good, nor juſt.

Therefore thy Sires could not him ſave,
But ſent him headleſs to the Grave;
Such Honour all the Saints ſhall have.

And if, like them, thou wil't fulfil
Our Sov'reign Lord the People's Will,
Thou muſt dethrone or ſtab the Ill.

Cho. *Then thus great* Salters-Hall *ſhall ring*;
Thus, thus the Calve's-head Club *ſhall ſing*,
Leviathan, *our God and King.*

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A new Ballad on a late ſtroling Doctor.

To the old Tune of, Hey Boys! up go we; *or what other you pleaſe.*

1.

GOod Folks, I pray, have not you heard
Of a Criminal of late,
Who has rode thro' Town and Country too,
In a moſt pompous State?
In a moſt pompous State indeed,
With a Train of brainleſs Fools,
All manag'd by ſome K—s above,
And made their eaſy Tools.

2.

This was a Man in holy Church,
Of Republican Renown
In * Eighty Eight, who labour'd hard
To pull his Sov'reign down;
To pull his Sov'reign down to Rights,
And ſet up glorious *Will*,
The braveſt Prince that e'er before
The *Britiſh* Throne did fill.

* *The Revolution.*

3.

But this ſame ſhuffling Prieſt has ſince
A ſilly Turn-Coat prov'd,
And, by his paſſive Doctrine, has
The Mob to Rebellion mov'd;
The Mob to Rebellion mov'd, (ah, R—!)
Againſt the Church and Queen,
And all the Laws *impune*; ſure
The like was never ſeen.

4.

This Prieſt, in all his Strollings, met
With more than Fidler's Fare;
For he had Meat, and Drink, and yellow Boys,
And Women e'en to ſpare;

And

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And Women e'en to ſpare, forſooth,
Thanks to their thick-ſkull'd Fools,
That were manag'd by ſome K—s above,
And made their eaſy Tools.

5.

The *Levites*, of this Jollity,
Reſolving to partake,
Came thick and three-fold into th' Crowd,
Juſt as at any Wake;
All to *buzza*, and ſhew themſelves
As errand Oaffs and Fools,
As e'er were rid by crafty K—s,
That knew who were their Tools.

6.

And now, to work they went full drive,
Addreſſes for to make,
And ſlap-daſh Lives and Fortunes all,
San's Senſe or Reaſon ſtake;
San's Senſe or Reaſon ſtake, ſuch are
Theſe wretched miſcreant Fools,
Who're manag'd by ſome K—s above,
And made their eaſy Tools.

7.

But would you gladly know herein
What was their main Intent?
Why! 'twas to have the Queen (God bleſs!)
Call a new P———t;
Call a new P———t forthwith,
To pleaſe theſe *Tory* Fools,
Who're manag'd, *&c.*

8.

And ah! when that is once obtain'd,
What next will be their Cry?
A Whirligig, a Turn-about,
And Change of M——y;
A Change of M——y, no Doubt,
Would pleaſe theſe *Bedlam* Fools,
Who are manag'd, *&c.*

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9.

But then, to plague the *Whigs*, on whom
They hope to wreak their Spight,
The Acts of *Settlement* they damn,
For *hereditary* Right;
For *hereditary* Right, in Hopes
To pleaſe theſe High-Church Fools,
Who're manag'd, *&c.*

10.

But how do they confound this Right,
Both human and divine!
Her Majeſty's, and alſo that
O' th' *Honnoverian* Line!
This only's made a Stale, to draw
In Country Puts and Fools,
Who're manag'd, *&c.*

11.

But now ſtand clear, for th' Bellow is,
Oh! the Danger of the Church,
Th' *Apoſtolick* muſt, by no Means,
Be left in woful Lurch:
But *Non-Reſiſtance* ſtoutly muſt
Be held up to old Rules,
Or elſe ſome K—s above would loſe
Their new-bigotted Tools.

12.

Pray God bleſs good Queen *Anne*, and keep,
And mightily defend her
From all that ſooth her to her Face,
Yet would bring in Pretender;
Yet would bring the Pretender in,
To undeceive thoſe Fools,
Who have been manag'd by ſome K—s,
That call'd them their n'own Tools.

The

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The Character of a modern Addreſſer.

A *Modern Addreſſer*, is one that has *Life* and *Fortune* in one Hand, and *Fears* and *Jealouſies* in the other. He's an Animal of as much Forecaſt as the Horſe which he rides upon, and of as diſtinguiſhing Abilities as the Groom that leads him; nor is there any other eſſential Difference between the *Maſter* and his *Beaſt*, but what falls to the Advantage of the latter, ſince thoſe cannot come up to the Dignity of the *Maſculine* Gender, but are properly call'd *Mares* that piſs backward.

He's one that would have as many Windings and Turnings as a *City-Cuſtard*, were he not always found out before he can make 'em; and can be as attentive in hearing nothing to the Purpoſe, as he is remarkable for ſpeaking nothing that is worthy any other Man's Notice.

To be commended by him in one place, is to be diſown'd by him in another; and he that has him by the Hand, may not improperly be ſaid to have taken a wet *Eel* by the Tail.

Pro and *Con* are the two Crutches which he walks by, and if one happens to threaten him with a Fall, t'other is ready to interpoſe, and hold him up by way of Prevention.

If encouraging Carbuncles may be ſaid to be a Token of Courage, he's more valiant than Prince *Eugene*; and if bidding Defiance to *Gouts*, *Rheumatiſms*, and other Diſeaſes, with a Bumper in his Hand, is an Indication of Bravery, the Duke of *Marlborough* muſt give Place to him.

What Pity 'tis then ſuch a Heroe as this ſhould be coupl'd with a common Executioner, and that he that has commanded ſo many Faggots and Bruſhes to be burn'd in the Tavern, ſhould be order'd himſelf to ſee 'em burn'd in the Streets?

Should

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Should you call him a *Camelion*, you would call him out of his Name, for his Face ſhews that he cannot live upon Air; but ſhould you ſay, he's an *Amphibious Creature*, and compare him to an *Otter*, you would hit his Character, for he makes no Bones of either Fiſh or Fleſh at what Table ſoever he meets with it.

In Power, he's for *Jure Divino* Principles, and ſwears by his Maker, That the beſt Chapter in Sacred Writ, is the 13th Chapter of the *Romans*, which ſays, *There is no Power but of God*; but out of Place he's the very Reverſe of it, and defies the Voice of the People.

He's of an advanc'd Age, yet may be ſaid to have retain'd the Blue of the Plumb in his Frontipiece, ſince his Looks are conſonant to that Colour, only they are not of ſuch a Blue as will never ſtain.

He's like a new Book with an old Title, at firſt Sight you'll expect Hypocriſy to be the Contents of it, but ſurvey it well, and you'll find it made up of Impudence.

His Fore-fathers in Forty One are mere Pigmies in Sedition to him; their Pretence was to remove evil Councillors from their Sovereign, but he is never at Reſt till he gets into an Employment, to capacitate him to give evil Advice to his.

Aſk him his Religion, and his Anſwer is, It is older than the ten Commandments; but queſtion him about thoſe Commandments, and he cannot make up the Number for the Soul of him, ſince the fifth muſt needs ſlip him, becauſe it enjoins Obedience to Superiors.

He is not for an *Ariſtocracy*, becauſe he is conſcious to himſelf, if only the *beſt Men* were to be choſen for our *Rulers*, he ſhould never have a Finger in the Pye; but a *Democracy* ſuits him to a Hair, becauſe of his *Mob-Principles*.

He's

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He's an *Ariſtotelian*, though he loves the *Mammon* of Unrighteouſneſs too well to be a Philoſopher; and his Actions are ſufficient Arguments to ſhew, that the Corruption of one Thing, is the Generation of the other.

He's one that has been deputed by the People to make *new Laws*, and thinks of it no Conſequence what becomes of the *old*.

He's an *Engliſh* Man with a *Scotch* Heart, an *Iriſh* Pair of Heels, and a *Swiſs Countenance*: His Courage is in chuſing the ſtrongeſt Side, his Conſtancy in being ever ſubject to Variation, and his Honeſty in in what you think to call it, for I know not where to find it unleſs it, be in his Gravity.

He's a mere *Reptile*, that ſhould have had the *Serpent* for his *Father*, from his ſolliciting other People to ſin, and *Eve* for his *Mother*, by his Readineſs to comply with Temptations himſelf.

He never looks upon our Majeſty's Arms, but *Semper Eadem* gives him the Gripes; for he knows he had not been what he is, had he continu'd what he was.

He ſhould be an *Iſraelite* by his mutinous Temper, at the ſame Time as the reſt of his Actions ſpeak him to be an Infidel; and the only Way to trace his Deſcent to the Fountain-Head, is to ſearch for his Forefathers among the Malecontents in the Wilderneſs, where 'tis ten to one but you find 'em crying Liberty and Property for the Fleſh-Pots of *Ægypt*.

To conclude, he may be underſtood, but not throughly defin'd; for his ill Practices are without End, and ſo might his Deſcription: Wherefore I ſhall take my Leave of him, by ſaying he's like one of our faſhionable Things call'd Beaux, that, as he has no Brains, becauſe they are out of Date, ſo has he no Honeſty: And if my Reader is in Search after one that is neither Fiſh, Fleſh, nor good red Herring,

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Herring, that is, neither Chriſtian, Jew, Turk, Infidel, or Heritick, *ſimply*, but has a Reliſh of the Leaven of every Perſwaſion, *complexly*, here he has him at his Service, and much Good may the Bargain do him, for I am glad of this Opportunity to rid my Hand of him.

A Receipt to make a ſtiff-rumpt Preſbyterian.

TAKE of the Herbs *Hypocriſy* and *Ambition*, of each two Hand-fulls; of the Flower of *Formality*, two Scruples; of the Spirit of *Pride*, two Drams; of the Seeds of *Contention*, *Stubbornneſs*, and *Contempt*, of each four Drams; of the Root of *Moderation*, as ſmall a Quantity as poſſible: Chop the Herbs, pound the Seeds, ſlice the Roots, bruize all together in a Mortar of *Vainglory*, with a Peſtle of *Contradiction*, put them into a Tun of *factious Water*, to be infus'd over a Brimſtone Fire of *feign'd Zeal* without *Goodneſs*, adding thereto two Ounces of the Syrup of *Self-conceit*. When luke-warm, let the Perſon who is to be made a Preſbyterian, take ninety Spoon-fulls every Night and Morning, before and after his *Cant* has left him. When his Mouth is full of this damnable *Compound*, let him make wry Mouths, whine, and ſqueeze out ſome Tears of *Diſſimulation*. This will make the *Schiſmatick* maintain the *Alcoran*, confound the *Church*, delude the *People*, juſtify *Diſſention*, foment *Revolution*, and call it *Liberty of Conſcience*.

FINIS.

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A COLLECTION OF POEMS, &c.

A Caution to the Whigs.

COuld you at laſt a Commonwealth obtain,
Vain reſtleſs Whigs, what could you hope to (gain?
By dear Experience you would quickly ſee
Your own Deſtruction in the Monarchy;
For ſhould your Crimes and ours ſo far ſucceed,
That *Britain* under lawleſs Pow'rs ſhould bleed,
You'd quickly find (believe it) to your Coſt,
That all your long rebellious Toil was loſt;
Each Faction ev'ry Faction would ſuſpect,
And ev'ry Sect fall out with every Sect;
The Gown and Sword would impious Merit boaſt,
Who firſt betray'd their Prince, and who the moſt;
Commons with Lords would curſedly contend,
Who to the Cauſe had been the greateſt Friend;
Your canting Prieſts, whom you had mounted high,
Would preach you damn'd, and your vile Pow'r defy;
Your meaneſt Tools, blown up with factious Pride,
Would on your ſervile Necks inſulting ride;

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The Mob, tho' once your Creatures, would grow (rude,
And on your vile Prerogative intrude;
Your Patrons would their wicked Truſt betray,
Or elſe ſet up for arbitrary Sway,
Or leave you to your ſelves, to be each other's Prey;
Ruins and Tumults would this Iſle engage,
'Till halting Vengeance overtook the Age,
And your wild Factions, weary'd into Reſt,
Reclin'd you on your rightful Monarch's Breaſt.

A Poem to the Earl of Godolphin.

By Dr. G———h.

WHilſt weeping *Europe* bends beneath her Ills,
And where the Sword deſtroys not, Famine (kills,
Our Iſle enjoys, by your ſucceſsful Care,
The Pomp of Peace amidſt the Woes of War:
So much the Publick to your Prudence owes,
You think no Labour long for our Repoſe;
Such Conduct, ſuch Integrity is ſhown,
There are no Coffers empty, but your own.
From mean Dependance, Merit you retrieve,
Unaſk'd, you offer, and unſeen you give:
Your Favour, like the *Nile*, Increaſe beſtows,
And yet conceals the Source from whence it flows.
No Pomp, or grand Appearance you approve;
A People at their Eaſe is what you love:
To leſſen Taxes, and a Nation ſave,
Are all the Grants your Services would have.
Thus far the State-Machine wants no Repair,
But moves in matchleſs Order by your Care;
Free from Confuſion, ſettl'd and ſerene;
And like the Univerſe, by Springs unſeen:

But

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But now some Star, sinister to our Pray'rs,
Contrives new Schemes, and calls you from Affairs.
No Anguish in your Looks, or Cares appear,
But how to teach th' unpractis'd Crew to steer.
Thus, like a Victim, no Constraint you need,
To expiate their Offence by whom you bleed.
Ingratitude's a Weed of ev'ry Clime;
It thrives too fast at first, but fades in Time.
The God of Day, and your own Lot's the same;
The Vapours you have rais'd, obscure your Flame:
But tho' you suffer, and a while retreat,
Your Globe of Light looks larger as you set.

On the Oxfordshire *Election.*

WE are told by the Town, that a Man of great (Note,
For the Sake of Lawn-Sleeves, is turning his Coat;
Yet, in his Excuse, my dear Friends, I must grant ye
There are twenty good Reasons in a *Sede Vacante*,
And *Bristol*'s a Mitre may be put to his Mind,
Where the *Tub* and *Cathedral* so lately were join'd.

Tho' his old solid Grace was preferr'd cross the (Water,
For nicking the Tide, and well trimming the Matter;
Yet does it not follow the Church of St. *Martin*
Makes her *Rectors* all *Prelates* for being uncertain;
But now of late Days, the high Road to Promotion,
Is, to pay our *Great Duke*, not the *Church* your Devo- (tion.

Henceforth *Alma Mater* must submit to the City,
Let her Doctors grow dull, and her Aldermen witty;
Let the *Scarlet* and *Gown* yield to *Cloak* and *white* (*Border*,
Since your learned *Vice-Chancellor* joins *Non-Con* the *Recorder*; With

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With *Diſſenters* he votes for a low Legiſlature,
And your Print of *Geneva* has *Guile's Imprimatur.*

But if his grand Patron, and bounteous Requiter,
Should forget to reward his good Friend with a (Mitre,
And wipe out old Scores with Words ſweeter than (Honey,
As he did the paſt Service for the Son of a *Volpone*;
Why then we may ſay our defeated Projector
Has paid for the *Lord*, and is ſtill but a Rector.

Give me the poor *Vicar*, in the Country reſiding,
That ſaddles his Nag, and ne'er ſpares for his riding;
For the worthy *Church-Member* heads in a ſtrong (Party,
Religion's his Guide, and the *Cauſe* makes him hearty,
The Great Ones at *Court*, by Terror can't ſway him,
And the Hopes of Lawn-Sleeves will never betray (him.

Hereafter in Stories it will look very odly,
That our *Oxford* Vicegerent ſhould run in with (*Hoadly*;
The *Whigs* muſt all think the Church under Hatches,
When the Court nicks his Conſcience, as *Tompion* (our Watches.
Not Weather-Cock *K*—*t* ſuch Turnings can ſhow,
To bail *High-Church* one Day, and vote next for (the *Low*.

On the voting a Reward to be given Ben Hoadly.

BEN Hoadly, Julian Johnſon, Titus Oates,
Have had the Commons recommending Votes.
O! happy *Ben*, who would not envy thee
To be a Member of ſuch Company?

Then

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Then pray for poor *Sacheverell*, for he,
Who could have thought it, hath preferred thee?
Ride gravely on, brave *Ben*, for this we ſay,
That ev'ry D—g like thee, hath had its Day.
The Time may come, if *Britain*'s Pray'rs are heard,
That thou may'ſt be impeach'd, and he preferr'd.

The Age of Wonders.

To the Tune of *Chivy Chace.*

THE Year of Wonders is arriv'd,
The Devil has learnt to dance;
The Church from Danger juſt retriev'd
By Help brought in from *France.*

Nature's run mad, and mad Men rule,
The World's turn'd upſide down;
Tumult puts in to keep the Peace,
And Popery the Crown.

In all the Ages of the World,
Such Wonders ne'er were ſeen;
Papiſts cry out for th' *Engliſh* C——h,
And Rabbles for the ——.

The Pulpit thunders Death and War,
To heal the bleeding Nation;
And ſends Diſſenters to the Dev'l,
To keep the Toleration.

The High-Church Clergy, mounted high,
Like Sons of *Jehu* drive,
And over true Religion ride,
To keep the Church alive.

The

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The Furioſo's of the Church,
Come foremoſt, like the Wind;
And Moderation, out of Breath,
Comes trotting on behind.

The Realm from Danger to ſecure,
To foreign Aid we cry;
With Papiſts and Nonjurors join,
To keep out Popery.

King *William* on our Knees we curſe,
And damn the Revolution;
And to preſerve the Nation's Peace,
We ſtudy its Confuſion.

With treach'rous Heart and double Tongue,
Both Parties we adhere to;
Pray for the Side we ſwear againſt,
And curſe the Side we ſwear to.

To Heav'n we for our Sov'reign pray,
And take the Abjuration;
But take it *Hocus Pocus* Way,
With jugling Reſervation.

Sachev'rell like, with double Face,
We pray for our Defender;
To good Queen *Anne* make vile Grimace,
But drink to the Pretender.

With Preſbyterians we unite,
And Proteſtant Succeſſion;
But if the Devil came for both,
We'd give him free Poſſeſſion.

Our Scheme of Politicks is wiſe,
Good Lord! that you'd but read it;

'T pulls

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'T pulls *Marlbro'* down to beat the *French*,
And the Bank to keep our Credit;

Becauſe our Tr——er was juſt,
And Houſe of Commons hearty,
And neither would betray their Truſt,
Or ſell us to a Party.

Our Buſ'neſs is, that neither may
Their Places long abide in,
But get ſome choſen in their Room,
As no Man can confide in.

Who ſhall deſerve your mighty Praiſe
For Fund, and eke for Loan,
And may the Nation's Credit raiſe,
But never can their own?

Becauſe declaring Rights to reign,
Our Parliaments have part in,
We'll have the Q—— that Claim diſown,
For one that's more uncertain.

The Reſtoration to make plain,
That *Perkin* mayn't miſcarry,
We've wiſely wheedl'd up the Q——
To Right Hereditary.

The Dignity of Parliaments,
The ſtronger to imprint in's,
We hug the Prieſt who they condemn,
And ridicule their Sentence.

In order to diſcourage Mobs,
And keep the People quiet,
The Rabblers we condemn for Form,
But not a Rogue ſhall die yet.

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The Duke of *Marlbro'* to requite
For retrieving *Engliſh* Honour,
His D——ſs ſhall have all the Spite
That Fools can put upon her.

For Battels fought, and Towns reduc'd,
And Popiſh Armies broken,
And that our *Engliſh* Gratitude
May t' future Times be ſpoken;

While fighting for the Nation, he
Looks Danger in the Face,
We ſtrive to inſult his Family,
And load him with Diſgrace.

Becauſe he's crown'd with Victory,
And all good People love him,
We hate the Man for the Succeſs,
And therefore will remove him.

On the Croſs upon the Cupula.

OF all the Idols of Renown,
That guide this ſuperſtitious Town,
There's none, for all it ſtands ſo high,
Shares leſs of our Idolatry,
Than good St. —— new gilded Croſs,
On Eccleſiaſtick Pigeon-Houſe.
The Croſs is very fair and good,
Tho' not of conſecrated Wood;
But, like its Pedeſtal of Sin,
'Tis Gold without, and Braſs within.
It ſtands erect in Regions high,
Like hieroglyphick Deity;
Is fair in Form, all gilt and gay,
And they that will adore it, may.

But

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But oh! ye Proteſtants of Fame,
Reform'd in little more than Name;
Of all Men living, you ſhould be
The laſt in this Church-Pageantry,
That Image-Worſhip damn'd, and ſay,
To God alone Men ought to pray;
Why have ye plac'd the Croſs ſo high,
To recognize Idolatry?
If you would have it underſtood
Our Saviour dy'd on Croſs, of Wood;
To us as equal it appears,
That Men ſhould worſhip Nails and Spears.
Or if you ſet it, as 'twas us'd,
Howe'er that Uſe has been abus'd,
The Author ſays, and thinks no Ill,
A Gallows would have done as well:
They're Engines of the Law alike,
With Terror, not with Rev'rence ſtrike;
And our Lord's Death, howe'er 'twas priz'd,
Has not the Figure canoniz'd.
Some think it ſtands exalted there,
To chace the Princes of the Air;
Since 'tis a Rule in Popery,
That Devils will from Croſſes fly:
But ſome ſay *Satan*'s Region's nigher,
And 'twould be better in the Choir,
Where Allegorick Dev'ls reſort,
Of ev'ry Sex, and ev'ry Sort;
Where Men by Tune and Meaſure pray,
And banter Heaven Bagpipe Way;
Religion ſet to Tune and Song,
From Side to Side they hand along;
While Singing-Boy the Cloſe rehearſes,
And capes Doxologies like Verſes.
The Actors change their Robes of White,
And ſerve the Theatres at Night;
Mock God at proper Time of Day,
And then adjourn to th' other Play;

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With double, vile, promiſcous Tongue,
Here Anthems ſing, there bawdy Song.
Thus to the Scripture they're uncivil,
For they can ſerve both God and Devil;
And yet thoſe Medleys gratify
The Drones that dignify'd ſit by,
With Popiſh Veſtments, Hood, and Cope;
No Wonder we've the Croſs at Top.
Was good St. *Paul* to riſe again,
To hear the Noiſe, and ſee the Men,
He'd take 'em all for *Lyſtrians* here,
And think 'em Prieſts of *Jupiter*;
He'd rent his Cloak, repeat his Cries, * *Acts* 4. 13,
And bid 'em * *leave their Vanities*; 14, 15.
He'd teach the Prieſts, if they could bear it,
To preach the Croſs, but not adore it.
But ſince the Croſs is now erected,
Let's ſee by whom it is reſpected.
The Papiſts enter their Proteſt,
Say 'tis a dull unmeaning Jeſt;
For if you reverence the Croſs,
Say they, you're then come back to us;
If 'tis to banter and expoſe,
You're hamper'd in a double Nooſe;
For, as we wiſh, the Trophy's rais'd,
Your Jeſt is loſt, and we are pleas'd.
The foreign Proteſtants ſpeak rough,
And ſay you're not reform'd enough;
That Croſſes, Surplices, and Choirs,
Bows to the Altar, Muſick-Prayers,
And all your Minſter Pageantry,
Are Fragments of Idolatry,
The foul Remains of modern *Rome*,
That plainly ſhows from whence you come,
With this unlucky Difference,
That we've the Crime, they the Pretence;
They have the Idol, we the Paint;
We have the Shrine, and they the Saint;

That

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That 'tis a ſenſeleſs empty Jeſt
To hug the Form, and damn the Prieſt;
Pull down the Idol Imag'ry,
And yet retain th' Idolatry;
And that the Men of Robes divine,
Set up the Croſs but for a Sign,
To let th' enquiring People know
What Tradeſmen open Shops below.
The Song below, and Croſs on high,
Is all but petty Popery;
You reverence, and they adore,
And you're but where you were before;
In which the Difference is ſo ſmall,
'Tis much you e'er fell out at all.
Some Men of Charity, that uſe
All Sorts of Actions to excuſe,
Come in with this moſt wiſe Pretence,
That 'twas not done to give Offence;
But that Sir *Kit*, without Deſign,
Merely to make the Fabrick fine,
Set up the Croſs, like *Gabriel John*,
Concern'd alike with Turf or Stone;
Tho' 'twas indeed unhappy Luck,
To make the Croſs a Weather-Cock;
For which, according to the Letter,
A Wind-mill would have ſuited better.
Sir *Ch*——*er*, who ne'er was known
To have much Meaning of his own,
In great Diſtreſs for ſome Pretence,
Join'd heartily in this Defence;
By all the Stones and Mortar ſwore,
He'd ne'er ſet Croſs a Tip-toe more;
That if the Croſs had any Charm in't,
He vow'd and ſwore he meant no Harm in't.
All Men admitted his Excuſe,
And clear'd him of deſign'd Abuſe;
How could they this ill Meaning call
In him, who never mean't at all?

The

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The Diſſenters Triumph: Or, the Rebuilding and Furniſhing Dr. Burgeſs's *Meeting-Houſe.*

To the Tune of, The Scotch *Wedding.*

DEar Siſters, come ſee you how fine
The Doctor's new Meeting is grown,
The delicate Ornaments ſhine
Far more bright than ever was known.
Then let us flock all to the Meeting,
Where Burgeſs *himſelf will declare,*
A ſanctify'd Tale of old Hughſon,
With a canting old Oliver's *Prayer,*

You will ſee it's fairly rebuilt,
The like it was never before,
The Saints have contributed guilt,
'Tis finer than *Babel*'s Whore.
Then let us, &c.

We have bought a Committee-man's Chair,
'Twill ſerve the old *Burgeſs* to ſit in,
And if he ſhould befoul it through fear,
We'll waſh it, and that is but fitting.
Then let us, &c.

An old Pair of Bellows we've bought,
The Leather was *Oliver*'s Lungs,
They were from the Rum Parliament brought,
With a Pair of phanatical Tongs.
Then let us, &c.

We've bought him a large Pair of Stools,
One three corner'd, t'other ſcarce round,
Between them two, as it is ſaid,
The Rump had a Fall to the Ground.
Then let us, &c.

We

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We have bought him a delicate Table,
The Leaf it is good Heart of Oak,
The Legs are of tottering *Babel*,
With a Carpit cut out of his Cloak.
Then let us, &c.

A large Broom of old Reformation,
To ſweep this new Meeting-Houſe Floor,
It has dragg'd much Wealth from the Nation,
And ſtill it is coveting more.
Then let us, &c.

We have bought him a Lanthorn likewiſe,
Which is to the Meeting-Houſe brought,
By which you may find, without Lies,
Strange Matters that never was thought.
Then let us, &c.

And there's an old Leather Saddle,
Which uſualy carry'd the Nation,
With an old canting Preſbyterian Bridle,
And a Budget of Diſſimulation.
Then let us, &c.

And there is the Rump's old Britches,
Which *Hughſon* and *Bradſhaw* beſpoke,
Altho' they be crack'd in the Stitches,
They're lin'd with old *Oliver*'s Cloak.
Then let us, &c.

A comical Pulpit is made,
Old *Burgeſs* won't preach in a Tub,
With Cant it is well over-laid,
And a Deſk for his Bottles of Bub.
Then let us, &c.

There's the Pictures of Bodkins and Whiſtles,
Which the Wenches brought in for the Cauſe,

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Next *Hughſon* with Pinchers and Briſtles,
And his Acts of undoubted Applauſe.
Then let us, &c.

Our Pews are like Coblers Stalls,
As plain as the Noſe in your Face,
Excepting a few of old Awls
Of *Hughſon* to give them a Grace.
Then let us, &c.

There's a Sconſe which is made of new Braſs,
Where *Burgeſs* may ſee his own Face,
The which for that Metal might paſs,
Should Rebellion and Miſchief take Place.
Then let us, &c.

Next Sunday you'll certainly have
The Doctor there hot and devout;
You'll find like a Fury he'll rave,
And bang the old Cuſhion about.
Then let us, &c.

Sweet Siſters, without all Diſpute,
His Cuſhion he'll bitterly thump,
And chuſe you a Text that may ſuit
With Anarchy and the old Rump.
Then let us flock all to the Meeting,
Where Burgeſs *himſelf will declare,*
A ſanctify'd Tale of old Hughſon,
With a canting old Oliver's *Prayer.*

A humourſom Ditty to Dr. Sacheverell's *back Friends.*

A Bayliff, and a Boat-Man,
With a Badge upon his Coat, Man,

Which

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Which he had row'd with far, Sir,
As any a jolly Tar, Sir,
That ply'd at *Whitehall*-Stairs,
Had once a Diſputation,
In ſettling of the Nation,
And made a mighty Do, Sir,
In knowing how was who, Sir,
And talking of Affairs.
The Bayliff ſwore ſincerely,
He lov'd the Church moſt dearly;
And t'other did excel, Sir,
For fam'd *Sacheverell*, Sir,
Which introduc'd the Strife.
At which, the rough Tarpawling
Huzza'd, and made a Hollowing,
By crying, you're a Whig, Sir,
Altho' you talk ſo big, Sir,
And dare not wage your Life.
When *Done* and *Done* was ſpoken,
A ſure and certain Token
That they were both agreed, Sir,
To do ſome mighty Deed, Sir,
For the good Doctor's Sake;
And forward they proceeded,
With Mutineers each headed,
Encouraging the Mob, Sir,
To pull down, burn, and rob, Sir,
And Houſes open break:
Both hop'd, by this Behaviour,
To gain the Doctor's Favour;
But they his Words miſtook, Sir,
And reckon'd without Book, Sir,
Which laid down other Rules:
For Texts of Non-Reſiſtance
Would give 'em no Aſſiſtance,
And both ſtrong Priſons got, Sir,
When taken on the Spot, Sir,
And thither went like *Fools*.

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On our luke-warm Chriſtians.

ST. *Paul*, *Be zealous in good Matters*, ſaith:
This ſhews *Low-Church-men* have but little Faith;
They won't believe, e'en tho' St. *Paul* has ſaid it;
Scripture it ſelf with them can gain no Credit;
Elſe they'd forſake that vile *Fanatick Party*,
And in the *Church's* Cauſe prove true and hearty.

The brave Engliſh-*man: Or, The Viſion.*
Aug. 19. 1710. *N. S.*

By Mr. Adams.

BY *Ebro*'s Streams the *Britiſh* General ſate,
Revolving all th' Affairs of War and State,
When lo! a wond'rous *Phantom*, clad in White,
Surpriz'd, but cheer'd him, with its awful Sight.
Stanhope, *it's I, it's* William, *don't afraid.*
Thou'rt Anna's *Darling*, ſaith the Royal Shade.
Hers and our Country's Wrongs thou muſt repay
To Morrow: O! *how they'll envy thee* that Day!
But Fate hath order'd, that thy gallant Sword
Shall reſcue Spain; Almanza *be the Word.*
Farewel. A lambent Flame ſhot thro' the Tent;
He ſmil'd, and look'd him Bleſſings as he went.
Stanhope next Morn (himſelf the War alone)
Puſh'd the *Pretender* from the *Auſtrian* Throne.
The *Bourbon* Prince, like all his mighty Sires,
From Battels loſt, in Order good retires.
Briton, go on, thy Glories to advance;
Spare free-born Souls, ſend all the Slaves to *France.*
Awake, y' ungrateful World, and all your Voices join,
To celebrate th' *Ebro*, *Danube*, and th' immortal *Boyne*
Long.

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Long may'ſt thou live, Great Anne, *ador'd by all,*
Triumphant in thy many Wars Abroad;
'Till vanquiſh'd Kings ſhall at thy Footſtool fall,
And humbly ſue for Peace with one Accord.

Accroſtick.

WHIG's the firſt Word that ſwells his odious (Name;
Hypocriſy's the ſecond, good Mens Shame;
Anarchy is the third, his chiefeſt Aim;
Rebellion is the fourth, and *reſtle Faction*;
The Life, in the fifth Place, of ev'ry Action;
Old Noll's the ſixth, by whoſe Example taught,
No Man has more of Miſchief lately wrought.

The Loyaliſt's Litany: Or, A Touch of the Times.

FROM all ſuch as rail at our Church's Defender,
And oppoſe her, becauſe of the feminine Gender,
Or from ſuch who are for bringing in the Pretender,
Libera nos,
From ſuch who'ld rejoyce were the Nation diſ- (jointed
By Republican Schemes, who hate God's Anointed,
And can't endure her whom to rule he'as appointed,
Libera nos,
From ſuch as would fain pluck her out of the (Throne,
That they may put in Kings and Queens of their (own,
Would firſt take off her Head, and then ſtamp on her Crown,
Libera nos.

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From B——ps who 'gainſt Church will vote,
And with the Times will change their Note,
Than for Lawn, fitter for a Coat,
Libera nos.

From B——ps who can roaſt a Prieſt,
Who out-does them, and ſtands the Teſt
Of what his Conſcience tells him's beſt,
Libera nos.

From ſuch who can whine, and cant, and pray,
Tho' they damn Souls the ſhorteſt Way,
And will the Nation's Rights betray,
Libera nos.

From ſuch as from Pulpit will tell you, that Kings
At beſt are but gaudy and trifling Things,
If the Doctrine they preach, any Griſs to Mill brings,
Libera nos.

From ſuch too who think it to be very hard,
That they are not to Places of Honour preferr'd,
By her whom they've jeer'd, and ſo often have ſlurr'd,
Libera nos.

From *French* Refugees, who breed Miſchief and (Strife,
And would gladly with Piſtol, or Poyſon, or Knife,
Take away a fav'rite Privy-Counſellor's Life,
Libera nos.

From ſuch as invited the *Palatines* o'er,
To themſelves ſome Advantage and Gain to ſecure,
Tho' they worſted in ſo doing the *Engliſh* Poor,
Libera nos.

From him who to keep up the Port of his Station,
So he can but enrich, Sir, a fav'rite Relation,
Don't care a F—t how 'tis he beggars the Nation,
Libera nos.

From a cow'rdly M——r, who to ſave his own (Bacon,
Let's Dr. *Sachev'rell* into Limbo be taken,
While he and his Cauſe are moſt vilely forſaken,
Libera nos.

From

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From such as can tell our good Queen, Heav'n's (bless her,
If the M——ry's chang'd, her Credit grows lesser,
And that they who're displeas'd, will strive to op- (press her,
Libera nos.

In Imitation of a Speech in the ingenious Mr. Trappe's *Tragedy, call'd,* Abramule: Or, Love and Empire, *in Commendation of* Pyrrhus.

IS this the Man that's now the Object made
Of Whigs detested Scorn and barb'rous Sport?
Is he the Victim of their furious Rage,
The poor mean Wretch they spit their Venom at?
Not so he look'd, when with Applauses crown'd,
He bravely stood up for his Master's Cause;
Wisely display'd both Eloquence and Truth,
And joy'd th' attentive num'rous Hearers Hearts.
Not so he look'd, when void of Guilt or Fear,
He shook, like Thunder, with tremendous Note
The Souls of Trimmers and pretended Saints,
And shew'd the *Perils* of *false Brotherhood.*
Not so he look'd, when to the Senate call'd,
He unconcern'd beheld their impious Rage;
Saw in their Looks the Mischief they design'd
'Gainst him, the Prey they greedily devour.

To the Lady that Dr. Sacheverell *shall make Choice of for a Wife.*

FAIR, lovely, courteous Dame, whoe'er thou ar't,
That to the Doctor shall resign thy Heart,
Make

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Make much of him, and boaſt thou'ſt got a Prize,
Let him be dear unto thee, as thy Eyes;
Which, tho' with Beauty's Beams they ſhine ſo bright,
Come ſhort of his great Soul's ſeraphick Light,
As much as the faint Glimm'rings of the Moon,
Do of the ſparkling Rays of th' enliv'ning Sun:
Love him, as he would have thee to be true;
Love him, as thou expect'ſt he ſhould be ſo to you;
Love him as long as both your Lives endure;
Love him as he has lov'd the Church, you need not
love him more.

The E. of G——n *to Dr.* G——h, *upon the Loſs of Miſs* Dingle: *In Return to the Doctor's conſolatory Verſes to him, upon the Loſs of his Rod.*

THOU who the Pangs of my embitter'd Rage
Could'ſt, with thy never-dying Verſe, aſſwage;
Immortal Verſe, ſecure to live as long
As that curs'd Proſe that did condemn thy Song:
Thou, happy Bard, whoſe double-gifted Pen,
Alike can Cure an aking Corn or Spleen;
Whoſe lucky Hand adminiſters Repoſe,
As well to breaking Heart, as broken Noſe;
Accept this Tribute: Think it all I had,
In Recompence of thine, when I was ſad.
What, tho' it comes from an unpractis'd Muſe,
Bad at the beſt, grown worſe by long Diſuſe;
In Silence loſt, ſince once I did complain
Of *Wiv—l*'s cold Neglect in humble Strain;
When check'd by ſlaviſh Conſcience, ſhe deny'd
To throw aſide the Niece, and act the Bride:
Yet ſure I may be thought among the Throng,
If not to ſing, to whiſtle out a Song:

Then

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Then take the kind Remembrance of my Verſe,
While *Dingle*'s Loſs with Sorrow I rehearſe.
Dingle is loſt, the hollow Caves rebound,
Dingle is loſt, and multiply the Sound;
'Till Eccho chaunting it by juſt Degree,
Shortens to *Dingle*, then ſoftens it to *D.*
Dingle is loſt; where's now the Parents Care,
The boaſted Force of Piety and Pray'r?
No more ſhall ſhe, within thy ſpacious Hall
Lead up the Dance, and animate the Ball:
Deſerted thus, no more ſhalt thou engage,
Under thy Roof, to *Whartonize* the Age.
Train'd by thy Care, by thy Example led,
Early ſhe learn'd to ſcorn the Nuptial Bed;
In vain by thy Advice enlarg'd her Mind,
And vow'd, like thee, to multiply her Kind:
For *Dingle* thou didſt bleſs the neather Skies;
In hopes a mingl'd Race might once ariſe
To ſooth thy hoary Age, and cloſe thy dying (Eyes.

Learn, ye indulging Parents, learn from hence;
Think not Compliance e'er will influence.
The *fifth* Command alone you did enjoin,
And frankly gave her up the other *nine:*
Yet ſhe, tho' that, and that alone was preſs'd,
Regardleſs of your Will, the *fifth* tranſgreſs'd.
But oh! my Friend, conſider, tho' ſhe's gone,
She left *no Coffers empty, but her own.*
Her Mind, that did direct the *great Machine,*
Mov'd, *like the Univerſe, by Springs unſeen;*
And tho' from thy Inſtructions ſhe *retreats,*
Her Globe of Light grows larger as ſhe ſets;
For nought could brighter make her Luſtre ſhine,
Than to withdraw, and ſingle it from thine.
Then think of this; and pardon when you ſee
Thoſe Vertues you ſo late admir'd in me.

On

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On the Worceſterſhire *Election.*

YOU loyal brave Boys, who for *Pearkes* make a (Noiſe,
Pray lend an Ear to my Ditty;
I don't at all doubt, but we'll bring it about,
That brave *Ben* is the Man for the City.

Our Cauſe it is ſound, let's all ſtand our Ground,
And fight for the Church and Queen *Anne*;
We'll bring in our *Pearkes*, the true Son of the Church,
For honeſt brave *Ben* is the Man.

The round-headed Crew have done all they can do,
To ruin the Church and the Crown;
But their Works are in vain, for the Queen ſhall ſtill (reign,
And we'll bring the diſſenting Knaves down.

Thoſe Rogues are ſuch Things, that they murder (their Kings,
And would keep our good Queen at a Diſtance;
But we'll have a *Pearkes* will give them ſuch Jirks,
As will bring them to Non-Reſiſtance.

O! what a ſad Pity this remarkable City
Should ever her Grandeur expel,
Which ſtill upon Tryal was always found loyal,
And never was known to rebel.

The Sectaries all, of Size great and ſmall,
In Herds they appear for their *Hoadly*;
Then why may not we honeſt Church-men agree
To bait the Berrard of *Bewdley*?

Amongſt Whigs and Trimmers, and other ſly Sinners,
The Son of old Prophet did bluſter,

With

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With a Head plump and round, and in Learning (profound,
Come to aid the Election at *Wor'ſter.*

We all know the Noddy, and likewiſe his Daddy,
Are Tokens the Lord did ſend us,
But we all pray with Speed, that from ſuch a Breed,
He will in his Mercy defend us.

Here old Cravat appears, like a Cur without Years,
To aid and aſſiſt in the Cauſe,
Who ſwears by his Nob, that he knows how to rob
Both the Living and Dead by the Laws.

The ſtarch Boucher of Note, with Arms to his Coat,
Young *Cromwell* by Name he is known:
This Prig, without Reaſon, was heard to ſpeak (Treaſon,
And deny the Queen's Right to the Crown.

He alſo maintains, that *Sacheverell*'s Brains
Has blaſted his Maſter for ever;
For which Reaſon he his Hang-man would be,
He ſwears by his Ax and his Clever.

The black Stallion comes next, with his Tool and (his Text,
The noted Bull of the Town;
For a Slice of old Hat, or a Bit for his Cat,
He'll venter both Caſſack and Gown.

The runt-riding Prieſt ſmells where the Whores piſt,
And greedily watches their Water,
'Till Year after Year their Baſtards appear;
O! that is the Plague that comes a'ter!

This Dark-Lanthorn went, with arrogant Intent,
In Pretence to viſit the Sick,

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Where a Tankard was loſt, and he, to his Coſt,
Was forc'd to acknowledge the Trick.

Now to bring up the Rear, ſly *Jo* muſt appear,
The Informer ſo rank and unſav'ry;
Titus the ſecond, a Rogue always reckon'd,
For Impudence mixt with his Knav'ry.

This *(Oats)* t'other Day, in a Fright run away,
And compounded to keep out of Limbo;
Now a Manager aſſign'd by a Man that's half blind,
And lords it with Arm on Kimbo.

Let all the World think, whether he doth not ſtink,
That ſtarv'd his poor Baſtard at Nurſe;
Whether *Hobbins*, or he, deſerves beſt the Tree,
For he that doth that, will do worſe.

So farewel falſe Crew, that never were true
To your Country, or your Defender;
'Tis your rare Gang, that are fit for to hang,
And fain would bring in the Pretender.

Then may the Rogues ſink, whilſt honeſt Men drink
A Health to our gracious Queen *Anne*;
May the Whigs be confounded, we'll down with the (Round-head;
For loyal brave *Pearkes* is the Man.

Minutes of the House.

REſolv'd, That *Henry Sachev'rell*, the High-(Church Defender,
Is guilty of Treaſon, and loves the Pretender,
Becauſe to the Queen Non-Reſiſtance he teacheth,
And the damnable Sin of true Loyalty preacheth.

Reſolv'd,

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Reſolv'd, That he the ſaid *Henry* would inflame,
(half the Nation,
Who with ſo much Zeal does oppoſe Toleration,
Becauſe he won't let them conform, as 'tis fitting,
Go to Church when they will, when they will to
(the Meeting;
With the Church then we'll make them equal Per-
(takers,
Even Deiſts and Jews, Preſbyterians and Quakers.
Order'd, That *John Dolben*, Eſq; now *Jack Ketch*
(ſhall be,
That Fire and Faggot prepar'd we may ſee.
We'll toaſt him ſtill hotter, and not to ſtand idle,
We'll firſt burn the Doctor, and then burn the B—le.

On the Policy of the Times.

WHen the Laws of Religion, and thoſe of the
(Nation,
Are diff'rent in principal Points of Salvation;
When you pray for the Monarch, and vote to reſiſt,
And, like loyal Subjects, obey as you liſt,
Then of Revolution beware the Miſhap,
For *Ben* has the Mitre, and *Harry* the Cap.

To the guilty B——ps.

FOR Shame, ye doating Fools, for Shame be wiſe;
Shake off your Lethargy, and ope your Eyes.
What, will you ſilent ſit, and tamely ſee
Hell's Ingineers ſubvert your Prelacy?
The Church's Danger though you would not own,
Nor fear the ſecond Part of Forty One,

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Yet let your own Security prevail,
Which loudly calls for timely Aid of all;
For the same Power that pulls *Sachev'rell* down,
Will first your Mitre seize, and then the Crown.
But why, alas! why do I speak to you?
False to your God, and to your selves untrue.
Go bravely, break your Sacerdotal Test,
And all turn Chaplains to the Calve's-head Feast.
See poor *Sachev'rell* sacrific'd thro' Hate,
The certain Harbinger of your own Fate;
Like *Laud*, the dire Fore-runner he'd become,
Had not your Sov'reign stopt th' intended Doom.

The Comparison.

AS when a Fly that goes to Bed,
Does set his Arse above his Head;
So in these mungrel Days of ours,
The Lowest would be the supream Powers.

On the late Martyrs of the Church.

IN one sad Month two blessed Martyrs fell,
Pious *Charles*, great *Laud*, who now with Angels dwell.
Curs'd be the Race that brought them to the Block,
And the vile Hands that gave the fatal Stroke.
Villains, remember how your factious Race
Were truly scourg'd by a true Son of Grace.
Heav'ns preserve him here; and when he dies,
May a like Phœnix from his Dust arise:
May the bold Truths, with which he warm'd St. *Paul's*,
Live, and be lasting as her sacred Walls.

Ou

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Moderation Unmask'd.

E'ER *Noll* did 'gainſt his pious Prince rebel,
And drew his Sword in the Defence of Hell;
When Man's chief Aim was to be great and good
By *Moderation*, then was underſtood,
In all Conditions ſtill to be content
With whatſoever Providence has ſent,
And not o'er much to grieve, pine, or lament:
To uſe a Medium in our Drink and Meat,
Not ſwill like Swine, nor yet like Gluttons eat:
To wear Apparel ſuiting to their State,
In which they're plac'd by the Hand of Fate;
Not ſtriving the more wealthy to out-ſhine,
Or, like the Great, ſplendid to go, and fine;
But to be dreſs'd as does become their Trade,
Cloths not to their Fancy, but their Pockets made.
This was the *Moderation* us'd of old,
When Vertue more eſteemed was than Gold.
But modern Preachers other Things do teach,
And a new-fangl'd *Moderation* preach.
Tho' you curſe, ſwear, talk lewdly and profane,
Drink 'till you're drunk, eat 'till't return again,
Still you may be a downright mod'rate Man.
By *Moderation* they ſay's underſtood
To be mod'rately honeſt, mod'rately good.
You ſhould not be ſo honeſt and ſo juſt,
As to be always faithful to your Truſt;
Nor let your Zeal your *Int'reſt* e'er betray,
But let your *Profit* ſtill your Conſcience ſway.
Be ſure to pleaſe the Company you're in;
If Rakes, commend each luſtheous taking Sin:
But if to Piety inclin'd they are,
Put on a ſober and a modeſt Air:
Be *Jew*, be *Turk*, be *Infidel*, or *Papiſt*,
Be witty *Deiſt*, or a thoughtleſs *Atheiſt*;

Be

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Be any Thing, and turn to any Side,
Move with the Wind, ne'er ſtrive againſt the Tide,
Always take Care with Rakes to roar and rant,
And with grave Puritans to whine and cant.
But if you're with a mixed Company
To paſs your Judgment any Way, deny;
Yet, if at laſt they will not be content,
'Till you on their Diſcourſe give your Judgment,
Tell one his Opinion's good, t'other argues well;
Thus praiſe both, but the Faults of neither tell.
This is the Way to cauſe all Feuds to ceaſe,
And through the Nation ſpread a gen'ral Peace:
None e'er contradict, tho' they deny
The Truth, but in ev'ry Thing comply.
This is the Doctrine that their Doctors teach;
This the Divinity their Canters preach:
And could they gain their Ends, we ſoon ſhould ſee
In Church and State nothing but Anarchy.
Looſe would Religion ſit, like upper Coat,
To keep or change, to pleaſe a major Vote.
To Day we ſhould be *Jews*, to Morrow *Atheiſts*,
Next Day *Mahometans*, and next Day *Papiſts*.
Thus we at laſt ſhould each Opinion try,
And, like ſome modern B——s, ſhould deny
To Day, what Yeſterday preach'd ſtren'ouſly.

On the Doctor's Impeachment.

IMpeach'd! Why pray, Sirs, what's the Doctor's (Crime?
Becauſe the Truth he ſpoke, was out of Time?
If ſo, you're right indeed. I'm forc'd to own;
'Twas paſt the Hour of Twelve before he'd done.
But that wa'n't it; for ſome People ſay,
You thought it fitter for another Day;

On

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On that ſad Day on which Great *Charles* did die,
That meek good Prince, of pious Memory.
Had he done ſo, you'd then have let it reſt,
Neither would you him for his Words moleſt;
For moſt would then have been at Calve's-head
(Feaſt.

But this is nothing, it was out of Time,
Becauſe it ſtopt the Whigs in their Deſign;
A great Deſign, deſigned for our Good,
Which meant no Harm, if rightly underſtood.
How could they mean no Harm, who ſay the Crown
Diſpoſed is by their own Pow'r alone?
Can they be Ra——ls, who durſt boldly ſay
The People's Will the Prince muſt ſtill obey?
And ſure no Harm they to the Church would do,
For they impeach'd a Son was firm and true.
What *Britain* then would ſtrive for to prevent
Men whoſe Minds are on ſuch Actions bent.

The Time-ſerver.

WITH a Phiz that is grave, and a ſanctify'd
(Face,
He'll receive the Communion, in Hopes of a Place;
He'll ſwear to the Queen to be truſty and loyal,
But will give her the Slip, if it comes to the Tryal:
He ſwears from the Church he never will range;
Yet, Weather-Cock like, with the Wind he will
(change;
Be Diſſenter to Morrow, tho' Church-man to Day,
And, as it ſuits beſt, unſwear and unſay.
But aſk him his Reaſon why his Faith he'll thus
(vary,
Or not rather on this Side, or elſe on that tarry,
He'll preſently anſwer he loves *Moderation*,
That bleſs'd noble Vertue ſo lately in *Faſhion*.

What

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What, I'll warrant, ſays he, you're one that will (burn,
Or be hang'd for Religion, before you would turn;
Like the Martyrs of old, thoſe hot-headed People,
Who were conſtant and true to the Church and (the Steeple,
That rather than turn, they'd ſtand fiery Tryal,
And Tortures and Torments would laugh and de- (fy all:
But the Learn'd in this Age far wiſer are grown,
Who, for Int'reſt Sake, will any Church own.
To Day they'll preach that will pleaſure the Time,
And to Morrow that Doctrine they'll tell you's a (Crime.
Thus Fire, Rope, and Wreck, they prudently ſhun,
And to ſave their own Bacon, about they will turn.

The French *King's Lamentation for the Miſcarriage of Monſieur* Guiſcard.

A SONG.

WHEN *Lewis* the Great
Had heard of the Fate
Of *Guiſcard*, his booted Apoſtle;
Not *Scarron*'s Delight,
His *Maintenon* bright,
Could allay in his Breaſt the fierce Buſtle.

Sure Monarch, he cry'd,
Was never ſo try'd,
And his Schemes ſo well laid, all defeated!
For whatever I do,
Still Fortune's my Foe,
And like her caſt Bully I'm treated.

What

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What have I not done
(For the Cauſe as my own)
To reſtore my young Brother Pretender?
Spar'd Labour nor Coſt,
But all have been loſt,
To impoſe on their Faith a Defender.

For theſe nine Years and more,
It has been my chief Lore,
To preach up their Church's great Danger;
Both People and Prieſt
Have been caught with the Jeſt,
And I aim'd by dividing to change her.

My Troops of the Gown
With ſome Hopes have gone on,
But alas! all my Strength and my Cunning,
Both by Land and by Sea,
To my Sorrow muſt ſay,
Have ended in Beating or Running.

And now, when the laſt
Of my Schemes, and the beſt,
Was ripe, and my Prieſt on his Miſſion;
To have Plot and Knife broke,
At the finiſhing Stroke,
Is the worſt that the Devil could wiſh one.

Ravillac the Bold,
And *Jaques Clement* of old,
Each their Catholick Daggers could ſettle
In the Heart of a King;
But my Tool muſt begin
Quite wrong, and with heretick Metal.

And now, as 'tis ſaid,
He in Pickle is laid,
And *Marlbro'* again comes for *Arras*;

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Should it prove not a Lie,
In what a Pickle am I,
For he'll ſtop not a Mile ſhort of *Paris*?

The Huſband-mens humble Petition to both Houſes of Parliament.

WE that farm your Honours Ground,
Tax'd at four Shillings by the Pound;
We that muſt pay the Corial-Tax,
For Skins upon our Cattles Backs;
For Paper, Pepper, Hops, and Salt,
And the curs'd Rates on Beer and Malt:
We that by Night for Candles pay,
And for our Sun-ſhine in the Day;
We your Petitioners humbly ſhew,
How you may ſtill raiſe Taxes new.
Tax ev'ry Soul that cheats the Nation,
Tho' Lord by Birth, or by Creation.
Tax ev'ry cheating Captain, pray,
That robs poor Soldiers of their Pay.
Tax C——l *Ch*——*s*, he may ſpare
At leaſt five hundred Pounds a Year;
Which he maintains by Slight of Hand,
By Muſters falſe, and falſe Demand.
Tax Vict——ing Com——oners;
Peel 'em 'till they're not worth their Ears.
Hang all the damn'd contracting Crew,
(If guilty) hang up M——bers too.
Let *D—on*, *R—ge*, and *Pl—er* ſwing,
R—ſe, *T——rſt*, *B—t*, and *K—y* grin.
Truſs up the Ha——orn Br--rs all,
Thoſe Villains, *W——ns* and *W——all*;
Or, like *Rome*'s Senate, find a Way
For thoſe their Country dare betray,
To ſuffer Death more dreadful ſeen,
Than ever any yet has been:

Apply

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Apply their Lands, and all Effects,
To help discharge the Navy's Debts:
Skin 'em alive, and tax their Hides;
Feed Porkets with their brawny Sides;
But first dicoct them for their Tallow,
'Twill tax in Candles, tho' but yellow:
Let rav'nous Crows pluck out their Eyes,
And Dogs their Bones anatomize;
Whilst our august Assembly bless'd
With noble Systems prepossess'd,
How they may set their Country free
From such *Tartarian* Villany;
And how to strengthen, by a Clause,
(Where needful) all our ancient Laws:
How t' enact new, and to secure
Our gracious Queen, and Country to her;
And to preserve Religion free
From Faction, and from Popery.

A new Toast to the Queen and the Earl of Oxford.

HEre's a Health to the Queen, and her faithful (Adviser,
Than whom none's more loyal, juster, or wiser.
O! may *Anna* and *Oxford* their En'mies defeat;
She always be glorious, he always be great:
She the Church's Defender, and he her Support,
To keep hypocritical Whigs from the Court.
May the Mace and white Staff, and the Title he (bears,
Add Strength to his Zeal, and give Courage to hers;
'Till those that disown her for *Britain*'s Vicegerent,
From a Right that's divine, and in Birth is inherent,
Shall by his Means give Place to the Voice of the (People,
That will not the Royal Prerogative cripple.

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To her 'tis our Lives and our Fortunes are owing;
To him that our Credit's reviving and growing;
That Funds are eſtabliſh'd by Parliament Sages,
Without any Tax to pay Sea-men their Wages;
That fifty new Churches ariſe from our Coal,
And Proviſion is made for our Body and Soul.
As the Queen and the Subject have neither their Peer,
She greater than * *Tudor*, he greater than † *Vere*.

* Q. Elizabeth. † *The Name of the late E. of* Oxford.

A Satyr on the Times, addreſs'd to all the Patrons of the Good Old Cauſe.

WHat frantick Madneſs has poſſeſs'd Mankind,
And made their Judgment lame, and Reaſon blind?
Who can be ſilent? What Man can refrain,
And ſee ſuch monſtrous Contradictions reign?
Alas! that B—— ſhould ſo baſely vote
Againſt thoſe Doctrines they themſelves have wrote;
That they the Church they ſhould defend, deny,
And prove themſelves Low-Church-men, tho' ſo high.
Thus they to Dangers great do her expoſe,
By ſiding and contending for her Foes,
When they the Church ſhould ſuccour and defend,
When dire Convulſions do her Bowels rend.
'Twas this *Sachev'rell* prudently deſcry'd,
And boldly preach'd up for the Church's Side;
For when with Wars Abroad we are moleſted,
And with *falſe Brethren* at Home infeſted,
Againſt 'em both our Vigor we ſhould ſhow;
Both are to Church and State an equal Foe.
While one with hoſtile Arms their Forces join,
The other ſecretly do undermine;

And

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And Men of Title and Eſteem in Court,
By wicked Means, the wicked Cauſe ſupport,
Do tho' they're bound to guard the State and Church,
For their own Int'reſt leave 'em in the Lurch.
To what Extremities the Nation's run?
Not much unlike the Days of Forty One;
When with Contempt they trampled on the Laws,
To farther and advance the Good Old Cauſe:
When they the Church and Monarchy pull'd down,
To raiſe the canting Cloak above the Crown;
In the Lord's Name they mighty Wonders did,
Which they would act again, but God forbid.
Then let us of ſuch Wolves in Time beware,
Who in Sheeps Clothing ſlily do appear,
Whoe'er they be, their Works will plainly ſhow,
As by the Fruit it bears, the Tree we know;
Yet, Thanks to God, ſome honeſt Men remain,
Who ſtedfaſt their Integrity remain;
Some conſtant to the Church and State are found,
While ſome Rebellion from the Pulpit ſound.
And now the happy Days begin to ſhine,
No Doubt directed by a Hand divine;
And now the Church, which militant has been,
We hope will triumph with our gracious Queen.

The Nightingale's Speech.

ONCE on a Time, when Birds could ſpeak, and had their Methods of Government like rational Creatures, an *Eagle* iſſu'd out her Orders (for they had no ſuch Thing as the Salick Law among them) for every Species of the feather'd Race to chuſe themſelves new Repreſentatives, (for the Majority of the old ones had diſoblig'd) and give their Attendance at a Convention of the States. Accordingly they all met together, purſuant to her Will

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Will and Pleaſure; and as it was cuſtomary with them, as it is now with us, to chuſe a Speaker, they immediately proceeded to an Election, and with wonderful Unanimity and Diſpatch, made Choice of the *Nightingale* for that important Office, after the *Linnet* had recommended him to the Chair in a very pathetick and eloquent Harrangue, which ſet forth his extraordinary Qualifications, and his unweary'd Diligence in the Service of his Queen and fellow Subjects. Upon which, the *Nightingale*, after having excus'd himſelf to the Throne on Account of Deficiencies he was never guilty of, made the following Oration:

Gentlemen,

TO diſcharge the Truſt you have repos'd in me, with a Fidelity equal to the Confidence you have of my Services, I take the Liberty to propoſe theſe Particulars to your Conſideration: 1. The Security of the National Worſhip that is eſtabliſh'd by Law. 2. The Honour of our Sovereign. 3. The Intereſt and Advantage of the Kingdom. I preſume you'll agree with me, that our eſtabliſh'd Religion cannot be without Enemies, while there are ſo many Sects and Opinions indulg'd among us; and where there are ſuch, then is the greateſt Neceſſity of a timely Proviſion againſt them. Now, that former Laws are defective in this Point, by the Means of which, *Bats* and *Owls*, and other obſcene Birds of Night, by an occaſional Compliance for a Seaſon, get into the chiefeſt Poſts of Honour and Dignity, we have been ſenſible ſome Years ſince; and to redreſs ſuch *hypocritical Evaſions*, have for three Years ſucceſſively endeavour'd at a Law, without Effect; the great Birds, who are our Superiors, the *Hawks*, *Vultures*, *Kites*, &c. having not thought fit to comply with our Intentions. But ſince Providence has now put it in our Hands to bring

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bring about these desirable Purposes, in my Opinion, the first Thing we are to go upon, after the necessary Preparation for maintaining the War we are enter'd into against the Beast, is a Bill to prevent this *Occasional Conformity*, if we would not be wanting to our selves and our Posterity.

The Honour of our Sovereign, is the next Thing we are to consider of; and that cannot be better advanc'd and supported, than by a strict Enquiry after such Animadversions upon Persons who have any Way lessen'd and impair'd it, by pretending to dictate to the supream Authority, and elbow themselves, unsent for, into the Presence of their Queen in her Closet-Retirements. Another Way of maintaining her Honour, is, making Use of that Quickness and Dispatch in our Deliberations, that we may enable her to bring her and our Enemies to Reason; and by that Means have the Glory of giving Peace to the Birds and Beasts who have so long stood in need of it.

The last Particular, is, the Interest and Advantage of the Kingdom; which cannot be better and more effectually brought to pass, than by stating and examining the publick Accounts, by which Means we shall attain to the Knowledge of the Debts of the Nation, and be appriz'd of such Whore's Birds who any Ways misapply'd its Treasure, whom we are bound in Duty to prosecute with the utmost Severity. For 'tis but Justice to the winged People, whom we represent, to make them Eye-Witnesses of their Punishment, for converting what was given for the Publick Service, for their private, that they may be the readier to give again what is wanting for carrying on the War this ensuing Year. And now is the only Time to go thro' with what is propos'd to you, since our Sovereign is now releas'd from her evil Counsellors, and her People has been thereby brought to make Choice of such

Patriots

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Patriots to repreſent them, as may never again ſit in this Aſſembly, ſhould our Enemies again get Ground of us.

I remember a *Swallow* of my Acquaintance, and you all know that Bird is remarkable for Foreſight and Prudence, ſaw a Fellow once a ſowing Hemp-Seed, and bid ſeveral other Birds that were in her Company, obſerve what that Country-man was a doing; *for 'tis from this very Seed*, ſaid he, *that Hemp and Flax are produc'd, which the Fowler makes his Nets of; wherefore all be upon your Guard, and, by Way of Prevention, pick it up without Heſitation, before it takes Root.* But none of them would take his Council at that Time, or lend an Ear for the Sake of their common Safety. In ſhort, the Buſineſs was delay'd, from Time to Time, 'till this Seed took Root, and then again 'till it had ſhot it ſelf up to the Blade, and was almoſt ripe. At Sight of this, the *Swallow* once for all told them, 'twas not too late to prevent what would unavoidably happen, would they beſtir themſelves haſtily, and go to work upon it in Earneſt; but to as little Purpoſe as before, not a Whore's Bird of them, but gave him a Hearing, and that was all. When the *Swallow* thought it high Time to take Leave of his old obſtinate Companions, and retir'd from Woods and Fields, into Cities and Towns. Now, this Hemp and Flax was, in Proceſs of Time, work'd up into Nets, and the *Swallow* had the Fortune to ſee moſt of them brought Priſoners into the Town where he liv'd; when the fooliſh Birds, grown wiſer by their Misfortunes, were frighted into a Senſe of thoſe wholeſome Precautions they ought to have taken; but it was too late, ſince they could not be brought to theſe Reflexions, 'till all Hopes of Liberty were loſt. It is too plain a Story now to need an Application; but, God be thank'd, the Fright's over.

FINIS.

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An EPIGRAM.

A *Jew* and a *G—n—l* join'd both in a Trade,
The *Jew* was a Baker, the *G—n—l* sold Bread;
The *Jew* had before sold *Snuff* on the *Mast*,
But now with the *G—n—l* sells musty brown Crust,
And circumcis'd Loaves, that hungry starv'd Wretches,
Who can break thro' Stone Walls, might be useful at Breaches.
We read how *Drawcansir*, having kill'd all his Foes,
Falls foul on his Friends, and kills all that he knows;
He was Prince of the *Mohocks*, who scouring the Street,
With their known *Moderation* wound all that they meet.
Impartial and fierce, thus *our* Hero kills dead
His Foes with his Arms, his Friends with his Bread.
'Tis Time to make Peace, Oh *Insatiable* Getter!
For who'd fight for *Bread*, when their Bread is no better.

The Thanksgiving.

IN Sounds of Joy your tuneful Voices raise,
And teach the People whom to thank and praise.
Thank prudent *Anna*'s providential Reign
For Peace, and Plenty both of Coin and Grain:
Thank the *S—b* Peers for your unbought Union:
Thank B——ps for Occasional Communion:
Thank the Stock-Jobbers for your thriving Trade:
Thank just *G———in* that all Debts are paid:
Thank *M——*'s Zeal that scorn'd the proffer'd Treaty;
But thank *Eugene* the *French*-men did not beat ye:
Thank your own selves, if you are tax'd and shamm'd;
But thank th' Almighty, if you are not d—n'd.

The Transubstantiation.

Avaro.

MOnstrous *Avaro* urges, How can this be?
A Priest turn Bread into a Deity!

Priest.

But pray, *Avaro*, why should that seem odd?
You turn Bread into Gold, and that's your God.

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The

The Grand Tack.

THE Globe of Earth, on which we dwell,
Is tack'd unto the Poles;
The little World of Carcaſſes
Is tack'd unto their Souls.
The Parſon's chiefeſt Buſineſs, is,
To tack the Soul to Heaven:
The Doctor's, is, to keep the Tack
Of Soul and Body even:
The Prieſt, beſides the Office, tacks,
The Huſband to the Wife;
And that's a Tack, God help them both,
Will hold them during Life.
The Queen, the Lords, and Commons, are
In Senate tack'd together;
And if, by any Means, untack'd,
No Good can come to either.
The Crown is tack'd unto the Church,
The Church unto the Crown;
The Whigs are ſlightly tack'd to both,
And fain would pull both down.
Since all the World's a gen'ral Tack
Of one Thing to another,
Then why about one honeſt Tack
Do Fools make ſuch a Pother?

Acroſtick.

WHig's the firſt Letter of his Name;
Hypocriſy's the ſecond of the ſame;
Anarchy his Darling, and his Aim;
Rebellion, Diſcord, Mutiny, and Faction;
Tom, Captain of the Mob, in Soul and Action;
O'ergrown in Sin, cornuted, old, in Debt,
Nol's Soul and *Ireton*'s live within him yet.

On

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On the German *Princeſs.*

A *German* Princeſs once adorn'd this Iſle,
Another *German* Princeſs built this Pile;
Equal in Birth, tho' not the ſame in State,
May this hereafter ſhare the other's Fate.

On a Bower.

IN Days of old liv'd in this Bower one Whore,
And now your Grace, beſides her Grace, keeps four.

On the 30th of January.

YE Hypocrites, leave off your Pranks,
To murder Kings, and then give Thanks;
Be gone, and trouble God no farther,
For God accepts no Thanks for Murder.

Poor England *bobb'd at Home and Abroad. By* N. F. G. *Gent.*

TO get a good Peace and a flouriſhing Trade,
And ſettle the State of the Nation:
To heal the deep Wounds the late *Junto* has made,
By an excellent *Tory*-Purgation.
To reſcue *Great Britain*'s Religion and Laws,
The Q—— and the whole Conſtitution,
From *Tygers* and *Vultures* unmerciful Claws,
Who ſought their entire Diſſolution.
To ſettle the Church in her Primitive State,
And weaken her falſe Underminers,
Who at the late Tryal did boldly debate
The Right of her *Jure Diviners.*

To

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To ſave us from Vermin, that live by the War,
Who lately a Peace have rejected,
That plunder'd and cheated us every Year,
As *Solomon* now has detected
To baffle our Enemies every where,
Preventing the Schemes they intended
Againſt the Prerogative, by the Barrier,
Tho' for the Succeſſion pretended.
Theſe are the Grievances *Britain* doth find,
Since *ROBIN* has manag'd her Treaſure;
To whom it is certain he's very unkind,
For ſeeking her Eaſe and her Pleaſure.
Another great *ROBIN* at *Utrecht*, we hear,
Endeavours to ſettle the Matter,
By making our Enemies ſoon to repair
Our Loſſes by Land and by Water.
As *ROBIN* has bobb'd us at Home, as you ſee,
So *ROBINSON* does at the Treaty;
Thus *ROBIN* and *ROBINSON* both do agree,
Of War and long Taxes to cheat ye.
Now theſe are the Hardſhips of which they complain,
That love heavy Burthens to carry:
To make 'em conſider, is Labour in vain,
'Till under the Weight they miſcarry.
The Parliament having examin'd the Caſe,
Declare, in their *Repreſentation*,
By whom we are bubbl'd in every Place,
And how we may have Reparation.
By *ROBIN* of *Oxford* and this *ROBINSON*,
The *Britannick* Peace is approv'd:
By Peace and by Plenty, poor *England*'s undone,
If War from her Door is remov'd.
And for to prevent it, the *Mobocks* declare,
By what they are now a committing,
That they are ſet on by a *German Guiſcar*,
In Hopes to procure a *Dewitting*.

FINIS.

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